

Children's Newspaper, December 4, 1937

Cornwall, By Arthur Mee
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 976

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DECEMBER 4, 1937

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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FOUR BOYS ON AN ISLAND

See
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Seven

Till Danger's Troubled Night is Past

And the Star of Hope Returns

Whether things great or small may follow it, the talk of Lord Halifax with Herr Hitler has brought about a clearer understanding between the two countries. It is all the better for Europe and for Peace.

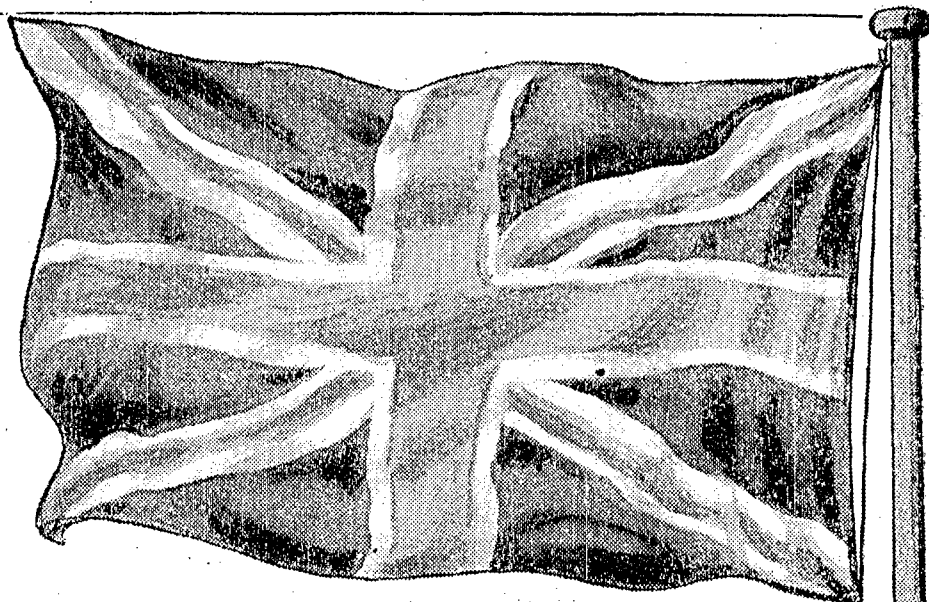
THE C N is not among those who believe that war is coming, and it has paid little attention to all the talk about it, and to all the preparations that are being made by those who think that war will serve their purpose, and those who feel the bitter necessity of defending themselves in case it comes.

Everywhere a fear that no man can conquer has seized the hearts of the people. We do not believe it is possible to find a considerable body of men in any country in the world that wants war. We do not believe that any country wants war. The greatest safeguard of peace is the knowledge every country has that war will ruin all. No longer can a war bring victory; in the world as it is in the 20th century there is no more happiness, no more tranquillity, for victors than for vanquished.

So it is, we believe, that in every country in the world today is a deep longing that war may not come. In the old days of successful wars the peoples of the world had no hatred for each other; but the world of those days afforded dazzling prizes for the conqueror, and war was a game that statesmen played for prestige and power. Only a madman thinks that either power or prestige can now come by war, and every statesman knows that the battle is not far from him, but may come to his own fireside. No nation is proof today against the universal devastation that would follow the outbreak of war. If we take a most excellent simile from Mr J. A. Spender, we may say that the nations today are like cars rushing headlong to the crossroads, and our consolation is that they all pull up at the crossing. The oftener they pull up, says Mr Spender, the more likely they are to slow down.

All this the C N believes, and yet it would be folly to blind ourselves to the danger of living in a world so nervous as this, so highly strung, with so many injustices that should be settled between nations, and with the power of peace and war often in the hands of one man. *The folly and the danger of any course of events is not a guarantee that it will not happen.* Even a lunatic may set a house on fire. Even an accident may plunge a town in darkness. Even one man's misunderstanding or illwill may set an army marching to its doom.

So it is that the most peaceful people in the world must be watchful and prepared, lest an enemy come in the night. The whole world knows that the British Empire is the friend of peace and justice. It is the greatest League of Nations



the world has ever known. It is the guarantee of a peaceful life to one quarter of the human race. It has no illwill for any man, for any race, for any State, and it makes no war upon any system of government, however much it may dislike it. It believes in toleration of all manner of ideas, and in freedom for all honest folk.

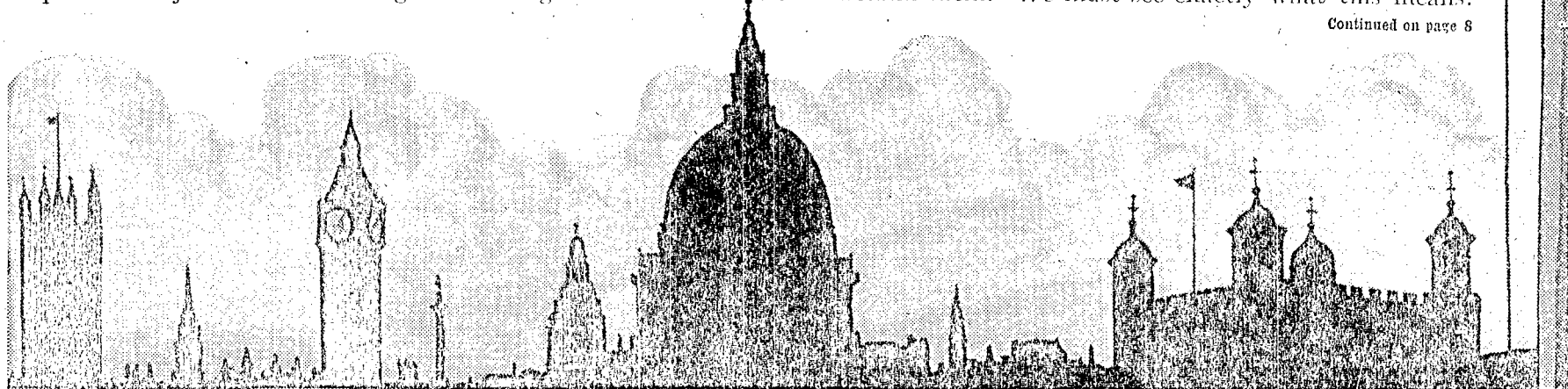
But no longer is it true that we are safe in our little island because our ships are on the sea. It is a long time since we were having lunch with Wilbur Wright, talking over the aeroplane and its future, and it is strange to remember that he believed it would bring peace to the world by bringing people together and making them good neighbours. It would break his heart, if he could come back, to know that the aeroplane has brought fear, not peace, to Mankind.

OUR country is an island no more, but as vulnerable to an enemy as any other land. Those happy days have gone when the poet could write:

*Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.*

Today the battle is not on the deep; if it comes it will be in all our streets and all our houses. Then our national strength was in the British Fleet, with the British Army behind it; now it is in the British people, with their stout hearts behind them. We must see exactly what this means.

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USA AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Trade Treaty Coming

There has been no more cheering news for many months than the news that America and the British Empire are taking steps to negotiate a Treaty which will enable the English-speaking nations to trade more freely together.

Such a treaty can only be made by the sacrifice on all sides of that policy of self-sufficiency which has been for so long an obstacle to friendly relations between nations. But if this important step forward can be made by the two greatest trading nations in the world, it should not be long before other nations join in and set trade free all round.

One of the most hopeful signs that the future treaty will be on a wide basis is the welcome the scheme has received in the British Dominions, for the Ottawa Agreements which have for some years bound the nations of the Empire give them extensive privileges in the markets of the Motherland.

A Surer Hope For Peace

Our Dominions, however, have recognised that the cooperation of America in economic matters will ensure her support in international affairs, and that there is a surer hope for the peaceful settlement of world problems if there is a secure friendship between the English-speaking countries.

Few countries have raised higher tariff walls than America, and the prospect of lower tariffs for their produce should enable the Dominions, which have also raised high tariff walls since the war, to reduce them by agreement. For example, Australia would like the heavy duty on her wool to be lowered by America, but in return America would require the lowering of Australia's protective duties on such manufactured articles as electrical goods.

These are details. The thing that matters is that America is prepared to change her whole economic attitude toward the British Empire. No longer does she regard us as a nation unwilling to pay a colossal War Debt, but as an Empire with which she can form a combination of free and peace-loving peoples capable of transforming the world.

WHAT BOOK WOULD YOU LIKE?

Here It Is Free

Every year brings Christmas, every month brings a birthday, every week brings some opportunity of buying the best thing in the world, a book.

Every reader of the CN must love books. As for the Editor, he thinks there is nothing like them; to him a house without a book is a slum.

It has occurred to the Editor to offer to a CN boy or girl each week a book that he or she would like to have.

For the next few weeks we shall offer a Book Token as a prize for the best letter from a reader asking for a particular book. Let us imagine that you would like a copy of Wordsworth's poems. All you have to do is to write a letter to the Editor explaining why this book would please you, or saying anything you like concerning it. To the writer of the best letter the Editor will send a Book Token, which the writer can take to any bookshop and exchange for the book.

The Book Token, as everybody knows now, can be presented at bookshops for the values of 3s 6d, 5s, 7s 6d, 10s 6d, and £1 1s, and the Tokens the CN will offer will be those up to the value of half a guinea. Letters should be sent to the Editor between now and Christmas, the earlier the better if you want your book in time for Christmas Day.

THE CIVILISATION OF TOMORROW

No Mingling of Splendour and Squalor

LORD SAMUEL AS PHILOSOPHER

Lord Samuel, whose new book on *Belief and Action* (published by Cassells) has been creating much interest, has been delivering his presidential address to the British Institute of Philosophy. We take these striking passages from a very notable deliverance.

The civilisation that may come cannot be materialist. It will not lay too much emphasis on things. Let each nation do honour to those of its members who are engaged in material production, but I cannot imagine a really great civilisation being content to take as its symbol the tools of industry and agriculture, the hammer and the sickle, or spending for long its chief enthusiasm upon factories and tractors.

Among the truisms, the things that are obvious, is the infinite mischief done by the two great evils of the modern world—war and poverty. Mankind will come to see that by far the greatest danger to its own welfare is the existence of States which combine technical strength with moral weakness, the possession of great means with indifference to good ends.

The Trend of Thought

Nor will the future be likely to tolerate that mingling of splendour and squalor which the twentieth century has inherited from the eighteenth and nineteenth—a brilliant garment on a body dirty and diseased.

We see that the movement towards such ends as these has already succeeded in setting a fresh value on simplicity. Art follows, as always, the predominant trend of thought. There have been signs indeed that this movement may overpass itself, going beyond the simple and beautiful to the merely primitive, which may also be the ugly. Because we prefer a Doric temple to the Albert Memorial that is no reason why we should prefer the art of Easter Island or Benin to the Doric temple; no reason why we should prefer Epstein's *Genesis* to Michelangelo's *Dawn*, or negroid music to the purity of Bach or the majesty of Beethoven.

It is easy to stress the evils of the civilisation that is now around us. We may easily come to think that it offers little else than evils. Yet the men of the Middle Ages, could they reappear, would envy us our freedom from the more constant wars, the more desperate poverty, the widespread ignorance, the unchecked diseases and constant epidemics from which they suffered. The study of the conditions of the past is often the best cure for pessimism about the present.

THE MARVELLOUS PLANT MAN

Famous Indian's Great Work

The world of plants has lost a great friend by the passing of Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose.

No man ever gave more of his life to the study of plants, and no man understood them better. It was literally true that he got to the heart of a plant. He believed that the life mechanism of a plant is like that of an animal, and he invented means of making a plant respond to influence. He invented an instrument that would magnify small movements to million times, and he had the great satisfaction of knowing that all who understood his work felt that the same chord of life runs through the plant and animal kingdoms.

He was one of the kindest of men, an Indian magistrate's son, a wide traveller, a great lover of England, and a man of high integrity.

LIONS JOIN THE PARTY

An Adventure in the Transvaal

In the Transvaal lions have the freedom of the Kruger National Park, near Lydenburg.

It is unwise to place too much trust in them, because they are inquisitive creatures, and are as likely as not to join a picnic party.

This was the experience of Mr Bahr and his friends who were motoring through the park on their way to Pretorius Kop. They hoped to catch a glimpse of a lion, and they did. They saw five, and the lions saw them.

The car stopped and the lions, who had been lying down when the tourists sighted them, at once got slowly up and strolled across to see these strange animals and their strange vehicle.

The tourists hurriedly closed the car windows and hoped for the best. But the lions meant no harm. They were merely curious, and if they had been children we might have said they only wanted to see how the wheels went round. They sniffed at the wheels, they tried to find room on the running boards so as to see better through the windows.

They scratched at the door: they even tried the handle. Making no progress, one lion clawed the back of the car and another lay down in front of the front bumper. We imagine the party inside the car felt uneasy for they could neither back the car nor get on.

At last the front lion shifted his position and moved to one side; and Mr Bahr took advantage of the opportunity to make a quick start.

The car moved off; it gathered speed, and the lions, joining in the game, bounded along beside it. But Mr Bahr and his good companions, realising, like the inferior animals in one of Aesop's fables, that what was play to the lions might prove very painful to themselves, did not stop. They stood not on the order of their going, but went as fast as they could.

The lions, slightly disappointed at this rejection of their advances, stood at a bend of the road to watch the dust.

Parsevere

We were talking the other day of the rather forgotten Samuel Smiles, whose *Self-Help* was one of the best-sellers of last century.

Looking up some old notes, we find that Dr Smiles told us many years ago that as a young man he was a friend of George Stephenson, and once heard the great railwayman roar out at a lecture at Leeds, "Young men, parsevere, parsevere. It's been the making of me."

We remember also that Dr Smiles told us that when he left his famous book with a publisher he received a letter saying he would find the manuscript on the counter whenever he would like to call for it. He did call for it, and before the century was out another publisher had sold a quarter of a million copies of it, and it had been translated into 17 languages.

Dr Smiles had parsevered.

A Train That Kills Weeds

A weed-killing train that can clear 1000 miles of track in a fortnight is now running on the Southern Railway.

Weeds would do serious damage to the permanent way if they were allowed to flourish, and every year about 1000 miles of track have to be cleared. The train, which has eight vehicles, contains enough chemicals for 128 miles and enough water for 40 miles. These are mixed in a central chamber by means of two pumps, and are then sprayed over the track, while the train travels at about 28 miles an hour.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

A cairn is to be built on Pad Cote, Ickornshaw Moor, to mark the resting-place of Lord Snowden's ashes.

About £90,000 worth of postal orders were bought last year and not cashed by the public.

More than ten thousand LMS employees have passed examinations in First Aid this year.

It has been found that the unpopular new threepennybits are too thick to pass through the slots of most collecting-boxes.

Twenty pound notes were found in a silver-paper box at St George's Hospital, Hyde Park.

The LNER has given an electrification order valued at £1,000,000 to British Insulated Cables, of Prescott, Lancashire. The work will employ 4600 men for over two years.

A solicitor's clerk has left £20,000 toward reducing the National Debt.

West Indian boys and girls would be delighted with copies of the CN, posted to Rev W. A. Beckett, Wesley Manse, Roseau, Dominica, British West Indies.

The LNER has arranged for a permanent exhibition of prints depicting the Victorian Era to be on view in a waiting-room at Lincoln Station.

A school has been started at Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A., for people over 70; it has 30 students.

Turkey has a flying association called the Turkish Bird, and its young women members make parachute descents.

The children of Holsworthy, Devon, are driven to school every morning by an old man of 85.

Painter of 2000 Portraits

A poor boy of Budapest who became one of the most popular portrait painters of this century has recently passed on in Mr Philip de László. A man of great charm and generosity, he painted over 2000 well-known people, one of the last being King George, whose portrait was to have been presented to the Royal Veterinary College but remains unfinished.

THINGS SEEN

A sheepdog lying on a Yorkshire roadside nursing two small kittens.

A man crossing a London street wearing a lifebelt.

Three pineapples growing on a rubbish heap at Torquay in November.

An old War Horse ploughing in a field near Verdun.

THINGS SAID

In the old days you had only to march into the world with the right school tie to be sure of a job, but that is not so now. Earl De La Warr

Germany has got rid of her inferiority complex. Herr Hitler

In England today there are over a million married couples with no children. Father Woodcock

Democracy may be going to get its final chance in these trade treaties. Sir Arthur Willert

I think it a blot on the Peace Treaty that it should say Germany is unfit to govern colonies. Lord Horne

The ordinary man in any civilised country has no desire to harm the ordinary man of another nation. Bishop of Ely

Civil aircraft transport today is much too dangerous. Lieut-Col Moore-Brabazon

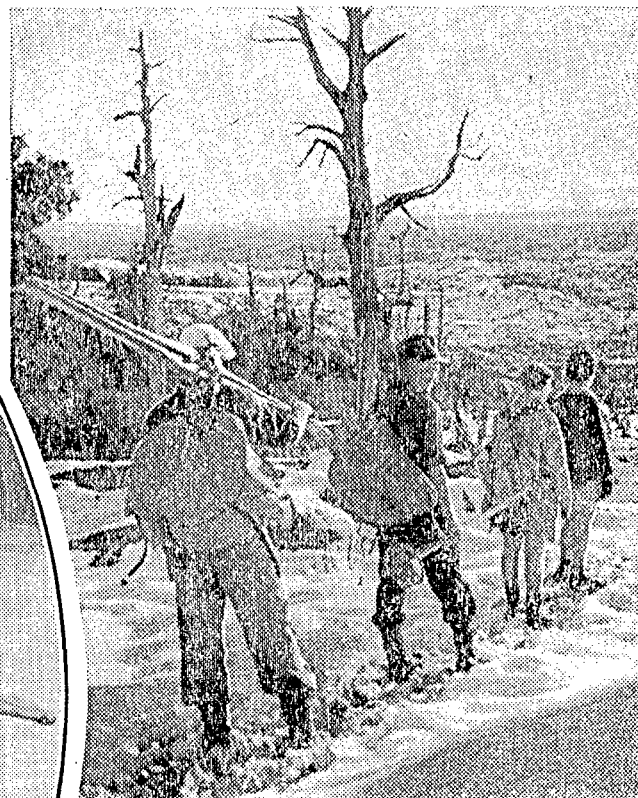
Our civilisation is becoming overloaded, too complicated, too artificial. Dr W. R. Inge

Ellesmere Island, in the Arctic, has the healthiest climate in the world. Mr Edward Shackleton

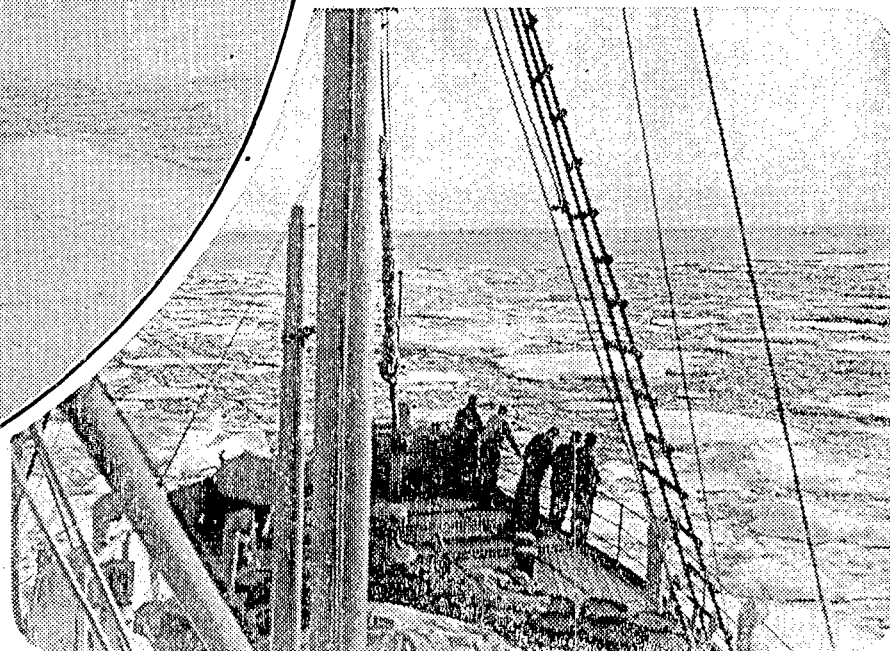
School Works of Art • Ice and Snow • A Christmas Good Turn



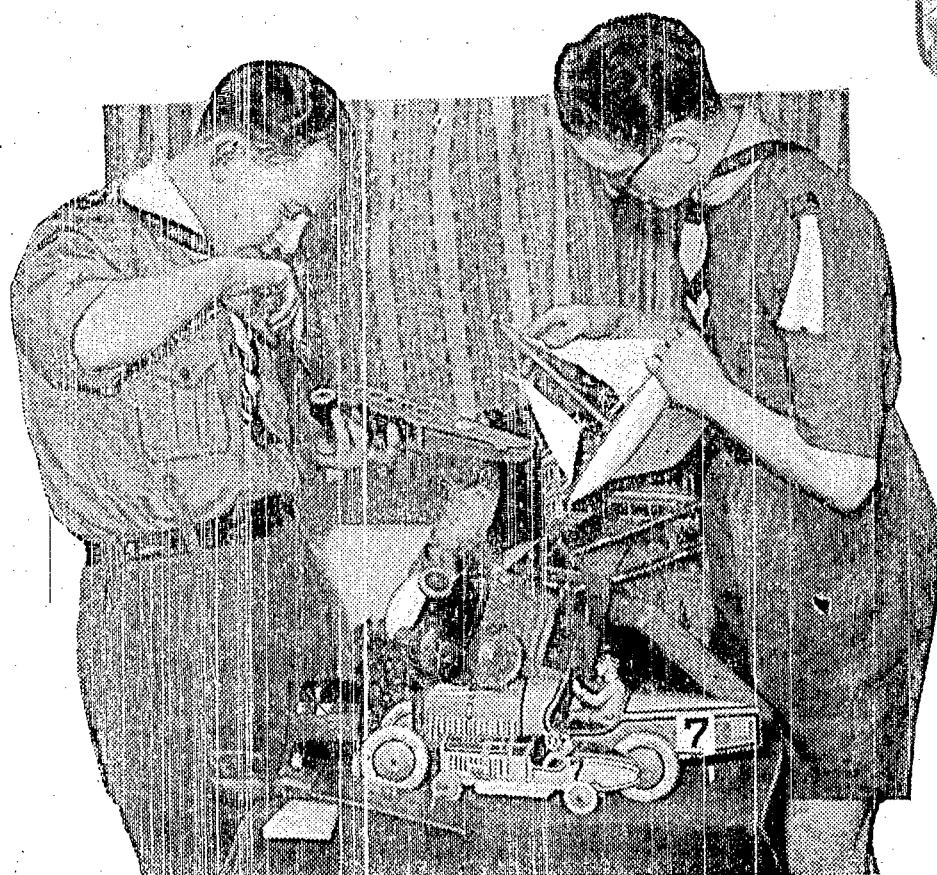
Rhythm on the Ice—
A demonstration by two experts
at a training school in Germany



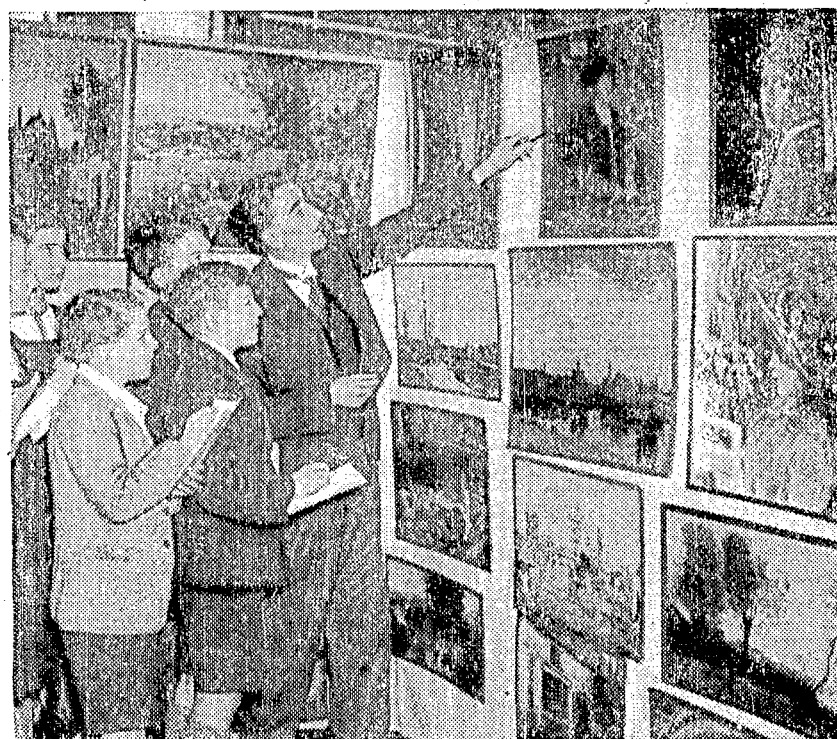
Winter Sports in New Zealand—Returning from the
skiing grounds on the Ruahine Range in North Island



In Antarctic Waters—The Royal Research ship *Discovery II* heading
for open water in the Ross Sea during her recent expedition



Their Good Turn—Welsh Scouts renovating old toys for
distribution to poor children of Cardiff at Christmas. This
is an idea which has been widely adopted in recent years



Art in School—To cultivate an appreciation of art reproductions of famous pictures are
being circulated among St Pancras schools. Here we see the headmaster explaining
some of the pictures at Haverstock Hill LCC School

THE CARDINAL'S HAT Through Seven Centuries

Dr Hinsley, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, is to receive the Cardinal's Hat. He will seldom wear it.

When the Pope desires to bestow the Hat which makes a Cardinal, he pronounces the honoured man's name and causes him to be called in to the assembly of other Cardinals. Then, putting the Red Hat on the head of the man kneeling at his feet, the Pope says, "Be thou a Cardinal, and wear this Red Hat as a sign . . ."

Then the new Cardinal takes the hat from his head, and never puts it on again—or hardly ever; though if he were to ride on horseback with other Cardinals to confer with the Pope at the Vatican it would be right and proper for him to wear it. But then the flat red hat would be tied under his chin by two cords passing through a sliding gold acorn and ending in a single tassel.

A Very Old Hat

The three rows of tassels which are so conspicuous in the pictures of the Cardinal's hat, or in heraldic representations of it on signets, or sculptured on his tomb, do not, and apparently never did, form part of the head-dress as actually worn. They have come to be added to the hat when symbolically displayed at the lying-in-state of the body of the Cardinal, or when afterwards hanging on the wall of the church where after life he rests. Such a hat is now dropping to pieces in the Cathedral of Milan; and another, long since dust, hung in a church at Rome for 236 years. But till death the hat appears only in processions and great occasions.

The History of the Ceremony

The ceremony of its bestowal is very old. It was Innocent the Fourth (who found only seven Cardinals when he became Pope in 1243) who ordained, when he created twelve more in the next year, that all the Cardinals should wear a red hat to distinguish them from lesser ecclesiastics riding in their train. This pious act is commemorated on his tomb in Naples as almost the most noteworthy of his works, and it took place after a conference with the pious King Louis of France, who sailed on two Crusades.

The conferment of the first red hats made a great stir. It was said that Margaret Countess of Flanders first suggested them because she had mistaken a mere Abbot for a Cardinal, and thought there should be some sign of distinction for all to see. It is more likely that Pope Innocent conceded the hats to the Cardinals as a sign that they were the equal of the Papal Legates or Ambassadors. But for nearly two centuries no red hats were sent beyond Rome.

An Expensive Affair

But seventy years after the first red hats had been conferred all Europe had heard of them and their significance. An English political satire of the 15th century quotes a reference to Cardinal Beaufort's hat, "Inclosed we have our velvet hatte;" but it is not clear that the hat ever was of velvet. Silk was more likely, and the rule remains to the present day that the Cardinal's hat should be made of felt or cloth, though the linings, ribbons, and cords are of silk. Even so it was an expensive affair. An account book of a 15th century tradesman shows that the cost at present day value was then about £20. A Cardinal's poverty is kept beneath his proud hat.

Another hat the Cardinal has which is called the Cappellone, and has no practical use, but once was a sort of parasol carried by a liveried servant over his master's head to shield it from the rays of the Italian sun, when his Eminence walked in processions. It is now only carried over the left arm of the Dean of each Cardinal's household.

Miss Wang of Shanghai

MISS WANG HSIAOCHIEH might well be called China's Florence Nightingale.

The war between Japan and China has caused untold suffering in the neighbourhood of Shanghai, but there has been also wonderful courage, not only on the part of the Chinese soldiers, but on the part of Chinese civilians, men and women. One of the bravest of China's women is Miss Wang, a nurse who was trained in a Christian hospital.

One day terror came to people travelling by train on the Shanghai-to-Hankchow line. Suddenly the dreaded Japanese planes appeared out of the blue, roaring over the train, which was crowded with refugees, and dropping bombs. When the train stopped the peasants dashed for cover in the fields at either side of the line, but the bombs still rained on them, and the enemy machine-gunned men, women, and children.

So frightened was the only doctor among these unhappy people that he took to his heels and ran for his life, leaving no one to care for the wounded except Miss Wang.

With remarkable courage, and without a thought for her own safety, she set about the task of organising a field hospital. Calmly and patiently she went among the stricken people, separating the living from the dead, choosing between those who were fatally injured and for whom nothing could be done and those who had a chance of recovery. Within two hours she had performed over 30 surgical operations, using the instruments the doctor had left behind. She had no one who knew how to help her, but she did not flinch. About her were 300 dead and 400 wounded, but Miss Wang, the only person there with any medical training, worked on hour after hour, and at least 200 people owe their lives to her.

When news of the massacre reached hospitals miles away doctors were rushed to the scene, some of them arriving to find Miss Wang amputating a mangled limb. She finished her work, and then fainted.

With all the horror of the war in the East should we not remember this brave woman and the wonderful thing she has done?

WILL THE SOVIET EXPLAIN?

What Young Russia Thinks of Us

Travellers have told us that Russian children believe that outside their own favoured land there are no railways, no motor-cars, that only privileged Russia is so advanced as to possess such instruments of progress; and a question asked in Parliament suggests that this is done with the full knowledge of the education authorities of Russia.

Books issued for Russian schools this year teach that children of ten and women of all ages work in our mines, and pictures show them at work! The books state that hundreds of our miners are killed every month, and that the natives and other inhabitants of our colonies are always fighting against British rule, while in India we keep down the people by the use of poison gas.

The poor Russian children cannot know that they are being taught falsehoods. They have no C.N. to tell them the news of the world. They live on Government publications, and these, in Russia, as in Germany and Italy, give only what the Government wishes to have believed.

The truth about the women and children in the mines is that the school books of 1937 in Russia are reproducing the facts of 1837.

It is a horrible thing for which our Government should demand an explanation from a Government which claims to be friendly and is never tired of protesting that other nations deliberately pervert the truth.

Charles Lamb's Old Company

The East India Company was abolished by Parliament 79 years ago, yet one of its servants died last month, aged 95.

He was Mr Edward Franks, who had spent most of his life in the India Office, which took the place of the Company after the Mutiny; but he had started as a boy in the old offices of the Company in Leadenhall Street, where he must have talked with men who had seen Charles Lamb come and go.

THE COMING OF THE BABY FILM

All Kinemas Will Use It

From a Scientific Correspondent

Little moving pictures can now be taken by anybody and shown at home with the very small cameras and projectors which use a ribbon of film less than a third of an inch wide.

The pictures are wonderfully sharp and clear when shown on the screen, but are too small for a sound record to be printed on them. The larger size of amateur film, which is 16 millimetres, or rather more than half an inch in width, is perfectly capable of reproducing sound as well, and both pictures and sound are today of amazing quality.

These little "sub-standard" pictures, as they are called by the trade, are bringing about an entirely unforeseen revolution in the moving-picture world. The cost of the film is small compared with that of the ordinary picture, which is more than twice the width and requires a really massive lantern for projection.

Movies in the Home

The result is that the smaller theatres are adopting the smaller pictures and the far smaller projectors, and it seems quite likely that all but the big theatres may one day run with these sub-standard films. So far the big producers have not agreed to release modern picture productions on the home-movie-size films, but strenuous efforts are being made in America to get them to do so.

The present-day films have perforations on each side of the celluloid band, into which engage the claws of the mechanism which pull down the successive pictures 24 times a second into the "gate." Perforations are used only on one side of the non-inflammable baby films, the other space being left free to take the sound track.

How scientists and sound engineers have succeeded in making this narrow band reproduce voice and music sufficiently well to please a theatre audience is too long a story to tell in this article, but as the result of an immense amount of research the almost impossible feat has been accomplished, and the average moderately-sized theatre of a year or two's time will use the little films that are the sport of amateurs today.

A HOUSE OF MUSIC Gift of the Licensed Pedlar

Old Devonshire House rose from the ashes of the Great Fire when Christopher Wren was rebuilding London. Major Benton Fletcher has filled it with music.

Bloomsbury was beginning its career as a kind of Mayfair of the rich and noble when some architect following in the great Christopher's train designed the house for Lord Cavendish, third son of the Earl of Devonshire. But after two centuries of affluence on the outskirts of Bloomsbury's garden city it fell into reduced circumstances, and became a lodging-house. It might have gone farther downhill if Major Benton Fletcher had not recognised the beauty of its noble brick exterior, and the possibilities of the fine old rooms and staircases which lie behind its sash windows and classical doorway.

He bought it and rescued these beauties for future generations by presenting the reconditioned old house to the National Trust. He did more: he filled it with old furniture of the century of its birth; and added to its furnishings his collection of harpsichords, clavichords, and virginals.

Strains of Other Days

On such instruments the compositions of our English composers, Byrd and Purcell, Arne and Green, were first played; and at Old Devonshire House are played still, because one of Major Benton Fletcher's hobbies is that of presenting such musical entertainments to his guests.

Thus from now onwards any passer-by going along Devonshire Street after leaving the clamour of Theobald's Road may be surprised to hear the strains of old melodies trickling out from the old house, as if it were a musical-box. The nobleman's mansion enters on a second life. The old composers wake again, and the ancient rooms are filled with their music as they dreamed it.

Architecture and music, these are splendid hobbies, but Major Benton Fletcher has another. It is that of slum clearance, and to study it he went about the slums as a licensed pedlar.

Why Not Broadcast Parliament?

A Member of Parliament has again raised the question of putting Parliament on the air. Why not?

Let us see what it means in practice. The House of Commons sits on five days of the week, Monday to Thursday from 2.30 to 11; on Friday from 12 to 4. Thus the Parliamentary broadcast would occupy 38 hours a week if all the discussions were transmitted. In fact, however, all that is needed to give the best of the debates is to broadcast between 3.30 and 6.30 on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, which means 12 hours a week out of the 84 during which the B.B.C. broadcasts. These 12 hours could be divided between the National and Regional stations. Or, for a beginning, the broadcast could be restricted to Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, 3.30 to 6.30.

If Parliamentary institutions are to be fully respected and understood by the electorate it is all-important that the masses of our people should know what is said and done in Parliament. The popular papers give brief reports which do no sort of justice to the subject.

Why should our people be denied the opportunity to understand what is being done for them? Their welfare depends on the debates. The issues of peace and war ought not to be concealed from them or left to partisan description.

Parliament is full of surprises, full of humour, full of character. Mr Lloyd George and Mr Winston Churchill are far more entertaining than a jazz band.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

The Post Office has made ample arrangements for dealing with the Christmas rush.

In London alone 15,000 additional men are needed, and outside London another 60,000. Arrangements are being modelled on those of 1926, as this is the first time since then that Christmas Day has fallen on a Saturday. But the task of the Post Office has vastly increased, and the Christmas letters of 1937 are expected to be 75 per cent in excess of those of 11 years ago. Special Post Office trains will be run in Christmas week.

Last Christmas nearly 150 million letters and five million parcels were handled in London from December 13 to January 2; and on one day 17 million letters were posted.

OUR SCHOOLS

The new series of posters for the L.M.S. Railway show some of our famous public schools.

The posters are the work of Mr Norman Wilkinson, and will be displayed at home and overseas. They include pictures of the public schools at Bedford, Berkhamsted, Fettes, Harrow, Oundle, Sedburgh, Repton, Rugby, Shrewsbury, Stonyhurst, Stowe, and Uppingham. There are also pictures of St Paul's School, Westminster School, and Manchester Grammar School.

ALL THE WAY HOME

There was a curious little comedy in a Scottish town the other day.

One of the town's firemen was sitting by his own fireside when a summons came. Jumping up, he ran to the fire station, took his place on the engine, and dashed off with the brigade. Then the engine stopped—at his own door! It was his chimney which was blazing.

TALE OF A CAT

An Angora cat belonging to Mr and Mrs R. J. Brandes of Sydney has had a strange adventure.

The cat was taken from England to Australia, but on arrival there was not allowed to land. It had either to be destroyed or sent back to England to be put in quarantine. Back it came, to be quarantined for six months, and then again it went ten thousand miles home to Sydney, so that it had been round the world and half round again by the time it was allowed to land!

THE OLD APPLE TREE

An apple tree in Victoria is among the wonders of Australia.

Planted by John Batman, the founder of Melbourne, which celebrated its centenary three years ago, it was the first tree of its kind to be taken to the new colony. Towards the end of last century it was so rotten in the middle that its trunk was filled with cement, and people prophesied that its end was near. But the remarkable apple tree is still bearing fruit, and this year it has budded for the 106th time and is expected to produce a heavy crop.

The Boy Scout on Guard

WHAT is there our incomparable Boy Scouts cannot do?

Having proved a great success as patrols at Plymouth airport, they are to extend their services to other important centres of aviation activity, to accustom themselves to duties which they might be called on to discharge in times of emergency. The boys love it; the authorities welcome them; the Scout higher command fervently approves.

Perhaps the present Scouts do not know what fine service their predecessors rendered during the Great War. From the beginning they took up duty on patrol at important centres as well as along vital stretches of coast. It was near the Dover coast that they were

encountered by a former schoolmaster who was holidaying there. He felt at home immediately with them and spent hours in their company, questioning them as to their duties, as to the defences within their ken, the number of men on guard, and so on.

His manner was that of the old schoolmaster returned to school chatting with his scholars after their holidays, and he was a great patriot. But the Scouts viewed him with grave suspicion. He wanted to know too much, and the upshot was that they arrested him and marched him off to the police-station, where he had difficulty in explaining away what seemed to the authorities his act of great folly.

A FINE THING GOES ON

The fine work of the Allotments Committee at Friends House goes on, helping unemployed allotment holders to obtain seeds, fertilisers, and tools at assisted prices.

How badly the unemployed need this help is shown by the fact that during the last season nearly 120,000 men in all parts of England and Wales benefited by it.

It is interesting to notice that they contributed, out of their own pockets, the sum of £28,061, all of which was collected by the devoted work of 2712 secretaries at Friends House. The whole cost of the scheme this year amounted to over £57,000, of which £14,476 came from subscribers (a gift of £3000 from the Pilgrim Trust is included in this), and the same amount from a Treasury grant, this being pound for pound on subscriptions collected.

WHAT ARE THE BIRDS COMING TO?

Two early morning thieves have been busy in Leeds.

Two housewives are complaining of the way a little milk is stolen from the bottles on their doorsteps. The milkman leaves a bottle of milk near the door, and soon after he has gone whistling away the thieves come. One of them is a blackbird, which hammers at the cardboard cap till he has made a hole big enough for him to reach the cream. The other is a tomtit, who pecks all round the lid and then flies off with it, some of the cream adhering on the underside.

We may well begin to wonder what birds are coming to in these days.

A TABLET A DAY

The miners of the Burnhope Colliery, near Stanley in County Durham, are making a habit of taking an iodised milk tablet every day.

Over 900 of them have promised to do this in order to do what they can to lessen the risks of catching influenza, which always means loss of work.

MR CRAGGS'S PIT

Mr William Craggs, who was for 24 years an official of the Bowden Close Colliery at Crook, is a happy man.

When the colliery closed down Mr Craggs thought he would open a pit of his own, and two years ago he began boring for coal near Hole-in-the-Wall Farm. In February last year the first tub of coal was brought to the surface, and since then more and more has been mined. When the colliery was opened there was work for only two men, but now there are over 70.

A TAWSE FOR BABY

In the delightful book she calls *From One Century to Another* Miss Elizabeth Haldane tells a remarkable story contrasting the changes that have come over the attitude of parents and authorities to the treatment of children.

She says that so recently as during the Great War, when they had a little school at Cloan, her Scottish home, for mere baby children, "an immense tawse was part of the equipment provided by the Education Department."

We poor English might imagine a tawse to be some sort of marble taw, but no; tawse is Scotch for a great leather strap, fringed at the ends, and used for the chastisement of little offending scholars!

SUMACH

Few of us have seen sumach growing, yet our very walking might be handicapped without it.

The Government evidently thinks sumach important, for it has issued a regulation permitting it to be imported free of tax.

Tanners of the best leather and workers in certain textile trades cannot do without this substance, and, as we cannot grow it at home and our colonies do not produce it, in it comes free.

Sumach is composed of the ground leaves and tender twigs of a shrub called *Rhus coriaria*, and is indispensable to the tanner. All the species are poisonous yet precious. One yields that old yellow dye which, in days before aniline dyes, was in general use under the name of fustic. Another gives lacquer, but two kinds are so deadly that even to handle them after they have been cut is to risk poisoning of the hands.

A CHILD'S GRACE

A Child's Grace. Photographs by Harold Burdekin with verses by Ernest Claxton. Dent, 5s.

We are quite sure this little book will be found in many homes this Christmas. It is a photographic setting from real life of the familiar poem by Mrs Rutter *Leather*:

*Thank you for the world so sweet,
Thank you for the food we eat,
Thank you for the birds that sing,
Thank you, God, for everything.*

New verses have been added by Dr Claxton. There are about 30 photographs of the happy life of childhood, and we have rarely seen better ones. The children will love it all—if they can get the book from Father.

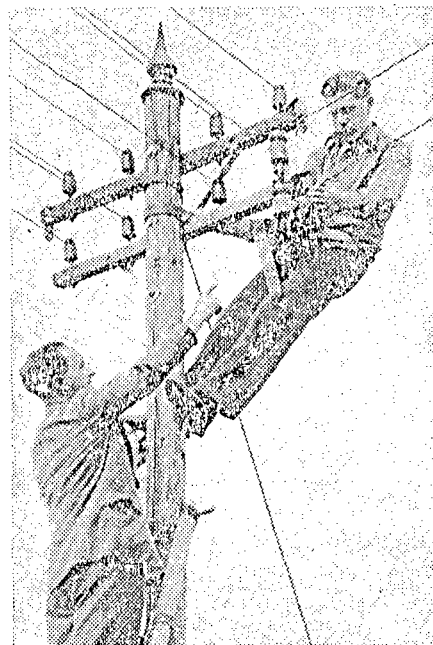
PERKINS OF EGYPT

One of the launches belonging to the Customs Service of the Thames was cruising near Tower Bridge when a piece of paper floating on the tide was noticed and picked up.

It proved to be an agreement dated March 25, 1884, between Khedive Ismail of Egypt and one William Daniel Perkins, by which Perkins entered the service of the Khedive as butler.

Perkins was to receive £10 a month, with five shillings a week for beer money; but it was expressly stipulated that Perkins was on no account to get drunk.

As beer in those days was fourpence a quart it is not easy to see how the temperate butler could consume all the beer allowed to him and keep sober.



A lesson in wiring a telegraph pole at the Post Office Research Station

AN IDEA

For over 40 years Mr Harry Marcus has been trying to persuade the United States Treasury Department to print notes in various colours in order to prevent people from mistaking one kind of note for another.

FEWER IDLE SHIPS

The tonnage of idle ships laid up in our home ports has decreased by over 75 per cent in a year.

In ships flying the Red Ensign the proportion is even higher, 53 vessels being laid up at the beginning of October compared with 161 vessels twelve months earlier.

These figures are a striking proof of the flourishing trade of this country, very different from the end of 1931, when 728 vessels (nearly two million tons of shipping) lay idle in our ports.

PETER RABBIT BOBS UP

Every year many an invalid child whose heart is not strong is made a little happier by thoughtful people at Christmas-time.

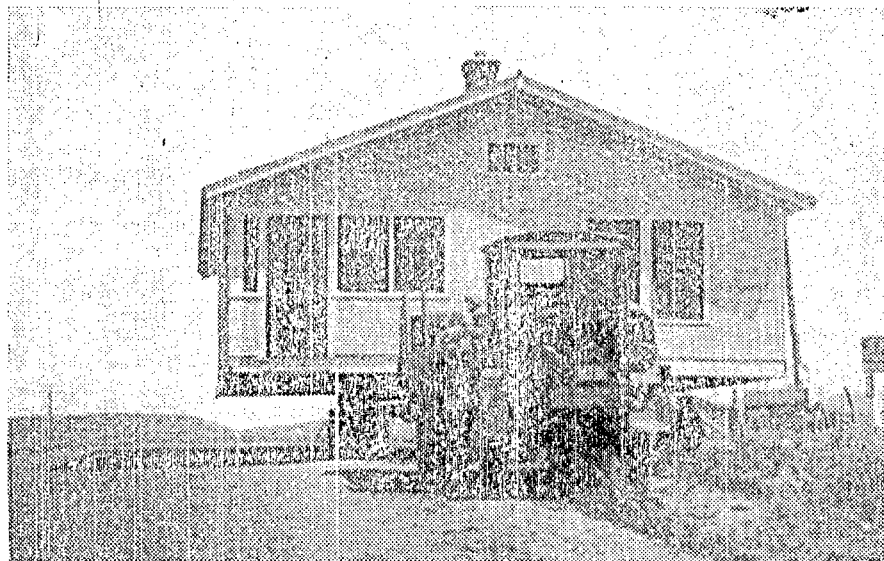
One of their very best friends is Peter Rabbit, whose portrait appears on many Christmas cards in such engaging ways that those who see them cannot help buying them. These Peter Rabbit cards are sold at 2d, complete with envelope, by the Hon Angela Baring, Ichen Stoke Manor, Alresford, Hants, and the money is used by the Invalid Children's Aid Association to endow beds in the Heart Hospital at West Wickham.

Many readers of the C.N. already know Peter with his little bobtail: we hope many more will make his acquaintance.

MR NOBODY

The secretary of the Sheffield Royal Hospital is always pleased to see Mr Nobody. He has called more than once.

The first time he looked in for a minute he left £50, and since then he has left other sums. He has lately called again, asked for a receipt for his 20 pound notes, and walked off without giving his name. No one knows him.



Moving Day—The house of a farmer in Nebraska goes by road to a new site

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 4 1937



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Noise of the B B C

OUR grateful thanks to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Speaking to the Cathedral Old Choristers he referred to "these days of ugly noises, jazz music included," and said they must be grateful to those who lifted what was vulgar and noisy in common life into a higher sphere.

We hope the B B C will take note of the Archbishop's words, for it has a great responsibility for filling the world with this noisy stuff.

One word only of the Archbishop's criticism we would omit, and that is the word music after jazz, for jazz is not music. It is a noise in which every fine purpose for which musical instruments were invented is degraded and abused. The worst of it is that many young people are taught to believe that jazz is music, and their ears become accustomed to the noise, losing the power to appreciate the beautiful melodies of the great composers.

It seems to us a pity that the B B C should, in so marked a manner, be increasing its output of jazz. It now prints every week the so-called "signature tunes" of jazz bands as if they were precious themes! It also prints every week a special column booming jazz and giving the life-histories of jazzers and crooners as if they were musicians. All this is quite intolerable in an institution with educative influence, and quite unworthy of what many of us have come to regard as our greatest British institution.

Farewell

Boys growing up to be lord mayors or prime ministers, or admirals or generals, should cut out this little speech and model their farewell speech on it when they come to the end of their career.

It is the little speech made at the end of a fine life by a simple man and a gallant soldier, the Military Governor of Paris, General Gouraud, who is beloved by all who know him.

There are threats in every quarter of the globe, but the storm will not break on us if we are united, if we are ready to work each of us in his own way, if the army, which is the safeguard of our independence, can keep and develop its moral and material value.

I take with me the conviction that the army is strong, disciplined, and loyal.

I take with me at the same time a deep gratitude to the Government of the Republic, to my great military chiefs, to my officers, my non-commissioned officers, and my soldiers.

Above all, I take with me an invincible confidence in the destinies of France.

Three Kings

The King of England has recently entertained three kings, George of Greece, Boris of Bulgaria, and Leopold of Belgium, and one of our contributors sends us these verses inspired by the event.

THERE came three kings to London town

All through the winter cold,
They laid aside their crowns and laughed:

Not one of them is old.

Within the palace monarchs of Bulgaria and Greece,
And Belgium's king, sat down to meat,
And all their talk was peace.

Lo, Christmas comes, and we may hope
Four kings, though proud they be,
Will to a Fifth at Bethlehem
Kneel in humility.

Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE is dull, says Mr Bernard Shaw. Yet a thousand years after the flippancies of Mr Shaw have been forgotten the world will be reading Shakespeare and crowding the theatre to see his plays.

A Halo

MR CHERRY-GARRARD, whose book we were looking at in the C N the other day, has been writing to The Times about a rainbow he saw on the ground when marching towards the Pole with Captain Scott.

It was like a carpet of coloured jewels, he says, moving and twinkling before you as you go, and he showed it to Wilson, who thought it beautiful and called it the Garrard Halo.

Mr Cherry-Garrard adds modestly that it is the only halo he will ever have.

The C N begs Mr Cherry-Garrard to be assured that his halo is secure, If he does nothing else great in this world he has an eternal halo for setting up the epitaph to Captain Oates, *Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman*

More Wrongdoing?

OUR Home Secretary has been referring to the increase in juvenile crime shown by the records.

That there has been a steady rise in the number of young offenders is only too clear, but can we be surprised when we consider the conditions of town life?

Too often a modern city presents to the observer a picture of craziness calculated to betray the minds of young and old. Speed, noise, invitations to spend money, temptations to pilfer to get the means to spend, the lure of something for nothing, are all round us. Pictures of reckless life, glorified in unreality, are shown to tens of millions, while their ears are debased by sham music, brayed and bellowed by vulgar instruments.

The marvel is, not that crime increases, but that it does not more rapidly increase.

The Young Man With the Camera

MOST people will agree with Mr Winston Churchill's protest against the photographer who goes walking about at public dinners photographing people with their mouths wide open.

We like that story of Edward the Seventh, who found a man of this type at a congress 42 years ago and, beckoning to the secretary, said:

There is a young man up in the gallery with a photographic apparatus. Go and turn him out. Tell him I will not be photographed while I am blowing my nose.

We suggest that these young men with their cameras should be turned out of the dinner party.

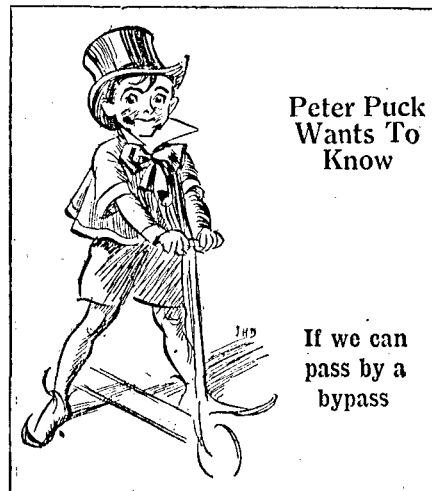
Tip-Cat

THE time is ripe for road development, says a writer. Will it be allowed to fall to the ground?

SEDENTARY workers lack endurance. Can't stand much.

MOTOR salesmen must be able to make a good impression. They can easily do it with tyres on a muddy road.

LARGE quantities of women's shoes are being made of celskins in Australia. Slippers too, we should imagine.



A TIN, we are told, is a steel plate with a coating of tin. A canny arrangement.

It is impossible to stop owls hooting at night. Does someone think there is a call for it?

WHAT do the dustmen who are wearing white uniforms think of them? That they are not so dusty.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

BRITISH television has been received 400 miles away.

DORMAN LONG are distributing £10,000 among their workpeople for Christmas.

EMPIRE fruits reaching England last year were seven times more than before the war.

JUST AN IDEA

It is perfectly true, as we were reading the other day, that you are never beaten till you think you are: it is thinking failure that gets you down.

PIONEERS

Dedicated to the King's England Volumes

A reader of the King's England volumes, the Editor's new survey of the 10,000 towns and villages of England, has written this sonnet, which she sends us as "a dedication to a wonderful production."

OUR fathers raised these stones, with fervent prayer,

On deep foundations, laid in radiant praise;

Each doubt was stilled, for their prophetic gaze

Knew faith and love strong to defeat despair.

They built their anguish, laughter, joy, and care,

Unseen but not unfelt; in untold ways,

Within our walls, each echoing arch betrays

The glowing thoughts that have been blended there.

Our heritage! beloved for their sake!

Oh, may the Lord of Love in us fulfil
Their hopes and service, these our trust we'll make,

And for their children's children cherish, till

These fair halls fade and dawn eternal break

On living shrines in homes more beautiful still. *Jessie Wynter*

A Great Step Towards Peace

IN the matter of colonial administration we are all entitled to be proud of the long and glorious record of the British Empire; but it is rightly held sheer hypocrisy to pretend that no other European race is fit to be entrusted with it.

More particularly in Africa, where the destinies of the native races present one of the supreme problems of the future, there is a strong case (as more than one correspondent has urged) for enlisting the cooperation of all the best European experience in its solution.

The truth is that British public opinion is probably far ahead of the Government in its conviction that a clear understanding with Germany would have consequences more profound and more conducive to a stable peace than any other single object of our foreign policy. *The Times*

Tread Softly

Tread softly, all the earth is holy ground!

It may be, could we look with seeing eyes,

This spot we stand on is a Paradise
Where dead have come to life and lost been found,

Where Faith has triumphed, Martyrdom been crowned,

Where fools have foiled the wisdom of the wise:

From this same spot the dust of saints may rise,

And the King's prisoners come to light unbound. *Christina Rossetti*

It is better to be a child in a green field than a knight of many orders in a State ceremonial. *George MacDonald*

WHAT THE ROMANS MISSED

FOUR BOYS ON AMERICA'S NEW ISLAND

Printing Pottery Instead of Books

Additions to our knowledge of Roman activities in Britain are being made with frequency just now in the course of excavations at Ewell in Surrey, where relics of the Caesars are coming to light.

One interesting fact is that the excavators have been able to extend the already long list of the names of Roman manufacturers of pottery. Hundreds of them have already been catalogued, so that their names are better known to us than those of thousands of tradesmen of our own nationality who have come and gone and left no record.

The Roman potters made metal stamps bearing their names, and these were impressed on the soft clay of their pottery, to remain an enduring record, twenty centuries after their owners died, that such and such a man made and sold vessels for use in the palace, the home, and the temple.

An astonishing fact emerges from this practice. The Romans had the means of printing, yet never used it except for stamping their pottery and their metal vessels. We find their names on their broken earthenware, on their beautiful cups and vases of precious metal, and even on the pigs of lead they left unheeded where they fell by the wayside in the course of carriage from the mine to the seaport or the city centre.

Chinese Printers

The Chinese are said to have discovered the art of printing at about the time of the Roman rule in Britain; the Romans cut names on metal and used the blocks as dies or stamps to impress those names on pottery, but, less imaginative than the Chinese, they never extended their art to the impressing of words in series on writing material. All their books were written on papyrus or parchment, and, copies being few, some of their greatest works, including the greater part of their histories, have been lost to us. The Chinese could print many copies of their books from the same wooden blocks, and so they preserved a national literature unmatched in quantity in the days that preceded the reawakening of learning to which the discovery of printing led in Europe six centuries ago.

The Romans who were at Ewell 1700 years ago might have left us printed records of their presence, but they left us only names on clay, which now come to light on broken pottery.

SOCIETY OF ARTS

The Winter's Lectures

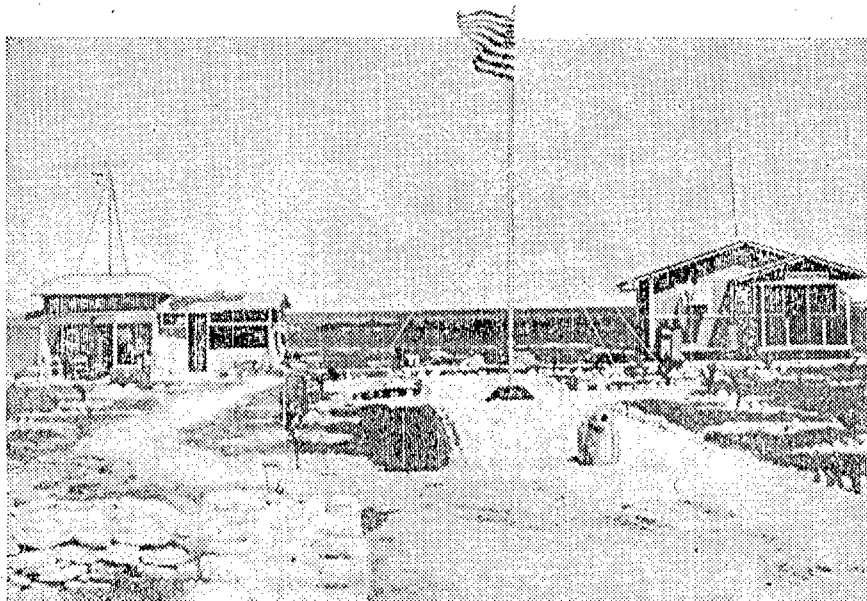
The two lectures for boys and girls which are given every January at the Royal Society of Arts are to be given this year by Mr Cecil Allen on Railway Wonders of the World, and there is nobody who can make this subject more thrilling.

Modern subjects are also to the fore in the winter programme of this society, which has done so much to encourage our arts, manufactures, and commerce. It is one of the three oldest learned societies in England, but there is nothing of the sere and yellow leaf about either its lecturers or their subjects. The World's Air Routes, Coal Carbonisation, Fenland Drainage, Oil and Coal, and Precision Timekeeping are among the subjects of the lectures; and Sir Ambrose Fleming, Lord Amulree, and Professor J. C. Drummond are on the list of lecturers.

The full programme and some interesting facts about the work of this society can be obtained from its famous headquarters in the Adelphi.

Aerodrome No Plane Has Ever Used

REMARKABLE ADVENTURE IN MID-PACIFIC



The American flag flying above the camp on Howland Island

FAR away in the heart of the Pacific Ocean, on an island inhabited by four boys, is the most remarkable aerodrome in the world.

It has wide, straight, and smooth runways stretching from shore to shore, or rather from coral ridge to coral ridge, for it is these ridges alone which keep the sea from pouring across the land. Yet never an aeroplane has alighted on these wide ways though they have been in readiness for many months.

This aerodrome is on Howland Island, a remote spot a few miles north of the Equator and a little to the east of the International Date Line, on which (as recorded in the C.N. at the time) four Hawaiian lads were settled by America to live in a small hut with the Stars and Stripes flying over it. At the same time boys were settled on Baker Island close by, and on Jarvis Island, where the Equator crosses the 160th parallel.

Nearly 2000 miles south-west of Honolulu and 2400 miles from New Zealand, Howland Island is a mere speck on the map, being little more than one and a half miles long and half a mile wide, while at no point does it rise more than 15 feet above sea-level. A more desolate spot can hardly be imagined; neither leafy tree nor shrub grows from the sandy soil, though on the island is enough guano to manure a whole country—for 30 years after its discovery by an American captain in 1842 ships visited it to procure this unpleasant but very profitable cargo. The only vegetation on the island is tough pigweed and a few leafless kou trees. There are two kinds of lizard, the gecko and skink, thousands of rats, and birds without number—terns, boobies, and frigate-birds.

Dangerous Waters

It is not surprising to know that the lads settled here are replaced from time to time by other boys from their Kamehameha School in Hawaii, and we are sure that only the healthiest could long endure those gusts of guano dust and the horror of the rats under a tropical sun. Even the waters round the island have their terrors, poisonous sea-urchins, rank seaweed, and broken coral leaving their mark on any bather.

But this island was level enough for an aerodrome, and with the need for providing landing-stages for test flights across the ocean it was decided to give the lads something more to do than to

take meteorological observations of Pacific weather. So in January last the American Department of the Interior, which had been placed in charge of the islands when the long-kept secret of their acquisition became known, sent a small warship with men and materials to construct an airport on Howland.

The heaviest objects carried were two five-ton tractors, the landing of which proved an appalling task, for the vessel could not come within a quarter of a mile of the shore and the tractors had to be beached on pontoons. Then, working with speed in four shifts a day, the boys and the labourers set to work to level the guano mounds, cut away projecting banks of coral, and make the runways. Surely no such runways exist anywhere to compare with these, consisting of sand, coral, and guano packed hard for a width of 150 feet and extending for over ten thousand feet in length. It has been estimated that 15,000 cubic feet of soil had to be moved before the work was completed.

Where Rain Seldom Falls

To add to the difficulties all the water drunk as well as the food eaten had to be brought ashore, for, surprising as it seems for an island in this rain-swept ocean, hardly a drop descends on it, the rain-clouds being apparently diverted by the column of hot air rising from it. This is probably the reason why South Sea Islanders have never stayed here long, the evidences of their presence being very slight.

Today there is a wireless station and a few huts in which the labourers lived as well as the Government Building in which the Hawaiian boys live. It is very problematical whether the island will become a regular airport. It can only welcome land-planes as there is no lagoon, and the fact that Miss Earhart decided not to make for it when on her last ill-fated voyage suggests that its inconveniences outweigh its central position.

At present the birds would add greatly to the dangers of a landing, for they would rise in clouds at the noise of an approaching machine and probably cause injury to the blades of its propeller.

Americans, however, overcome so many stupendous natural obstacles that we may still see Howland Island writ large on the map, or may even drop down on it one day when flying to call on some cousin in New Zealand.

OUR SHRINKING SCHOOLS

The Decline and Fall of Scholars

By a Special Correspondent

Pupils, teachers, and parents are all alike interested in our schools and their welfare.

Special inquiry shows that our school population is rapidly diminishing. The Board of Education gives the number of boys and girls on the registers of the elementary schools maintained by our local education authorities as 5,123,490 last March.

A year before the number was 5,250,843, so that in 12 months there was a fall of 127,353. That is a very big loss, and it follows many others.

Between 1913 and 1937 the loss of scholars was 893,000.

When recently the Government Actuary said we might expect the number of elementary schoolchildren to fall by a million in about 15 years from 1933 some people were inclined to doubt the statement and to dismiss it as prophecy. Now we see that in 24 years we actually lost 893,000 (nearly 40,000 a year), but that the last of those 24 years showed a fall of 127,353. The movement is no longer to be regarded as a decline: it is a fall.

Loss of Big Towns

What it means to the big towns has been also ascertained. In County Council London in the last two years the fall was 56,651, of which 28,500 was due to the movement outwards from London, so that the loss due to an actual fall in the number of children was 28,151.

Hull lost 1090 schoolchildren in the 12 months ending last March, Manchester lost 3989, Sheffield lost 2163, Bradford lost 1179, Newcastle 633, Cardiff 982, and even Birmingham, despite the great prosperity of the Midlands, lost 464.

Do not these things demand the urgent consideration of the nation and its Government?

BETTER DAYS FOR DISTRESSED AREAS

More Work To Do Than Men To Do It

The Distressed Areas continue to be distressed. In 12 months the amount spent on them for public works has amounted to £1,164,000.

This is good in the sense that it is better than the trifle of £270,000 spent on them for public works in the preceding 21 months, but it is far from good in relation to the magnitude of a great and serious problem.

It is also to be recorded that the unemployed in the areas have fallen to 210,000 as compared with the 344,000 of December 1934; but part of this means that unemployed people have been transferred to other districts, leaving distress behind them.

Two trading estate companies have completed 25 new factories in the areas, and 56 more are building. That is excellent, and we may hope the Government will redouble its efforts to encourage new industries and set every able-bodied person to work at improving the areas as places fit to live in.

There is more work to do in these areas than there are men to do it.

Recording Stamp Sales

The Post Office is recording the stamp sales in 20 of its branch offices. At each purchase, whether for one stamp or 100, the clerk presses a button and the transaction is recorded on a machine.

The Strength of the Nation is in Its People

Continued from page 1

It means that if trouble should come we must help to defend ourselves. There took place the other day in the House of Commons a debate on the preparations the Government is making to defend the country if it should be attacked, and it was argued there that the stronger a nation is the less likely is it to be attacked. That is why in dangerous times a country must be strongly armed. It is agreed everywhere that the countries which are believed to be most likely to make war would find themselves short of raw materials and even of food, so that they would be unable to carry on a long war, and as that is so the danger must be faced that an enemy might think it possible to make a short, quick war which would frighten a nation into submission.

Courage of the People

In such a case the spirit of the civil population of a country, its power to endure suffering with courage and fortitude, would suddenly become vital. If an enemy supposed that the civil population of a country would give way this odious form of warfare might come nearer to such a people, and therefore it is that it must be clear to all the world in these days that not only the Army and the Navy and the Air Force are able to defend themselves, but that the civil population is equipped with its own defensive weapons and its own invincible spirit. It is a bitter thing that millions of peaceable people who have no illwill for anyone, and long for quiet and happy lives, should have to train themselves to be prepared for sudden violence, to prepare themselves for explosions and fires and gas attacks; but, however unlikely such things may be, the world has come to such a state that everywhere its people must adopt the motto of the Scouts and Guides, and *Be Prepared*.

In the Parliamentary debate Mr Winston Churchill pointed out that the way to prevent this form of attack was by well-organised means to make the crime not worth committing, and he added these wise words:

Our defence precaution might make the difference, not only between victory and defeat, but between the thing being tried or not tried at all, between the peace being broken and the peace being preserved.

The vulnerable character of Great Britain and its great cities, particularly London, constitutes a danger which, if it is not remedied by constant and well-conceived measures, may well draw down upon the whole world the onrush of a measureless catastrophe.

What, then, are the measures that are being taken to make this country so prepared that it shall never be worth while for any enemy to attack it?

The Government is to supply, free of charge to local authorities, sandbags for the construction of public shelters, where people may take refuge in time of danger. They may supply anything up to £2,000,000 worth of these sandbags. The public is to be supplied with implements which they will be able to use to prevent the outbreak of fire in the case of a bomb explosion. The people are also to be supplied with respirators.

Full and simple instructions will be given to all about the best means of defence, and it is advised that every house should have a room in which all its members can take refuge against gas attacks. It will be much simpler than most people imagine to prepare these gas-proof rooms; it is a question of pasting paper over the cracks in the windows and other places, and putting old sacks or newspapers up the chimney and perhaps over the entrance of air under the doors. It will be quite possible for a family to go on living in the gas-proof room.

The Gas-Proof Room

In working out all these matters the Government has had the advice of over a hundred scientists and chemists. This interesting paragraph is from the speech of the Under-Secretary of the Home Office in the debate the other day.

Lord Rutherford was a member of the Chemical Defence Committee until his death;

Sir William Pope, the professor of chemistry; Professor Dean, professor of pathology; Sir Joseph Barcroft, professor of physiology, are all members. Sir Joseph Barcroft is the man who during the war, when it was decided to ascertain whether prussic acid gas could be used as a war gas, took the view that although it was fatal to animals it was not fatal to human beings. He was the man who walked into the gas chamber containing prussic acid gas with a dog and came out carrying the dog under his arm. The dog was dead and he was still alive.

The Government has tried every kind of experiment to test the effect of bomb and gas attacks. It has had a full-scale model of a London street set up at Shoeburyness, complete with electric and water mains, gas hydrants, sewers, and so on, and has had bombs dropped on this street. It has also experimented on Salisbury Plain with poison gas. A house was surrounded 20 yards away by shallow trays of mustard gas, and a fine spray of the gas was produced ten yards from it for an hour. Animals lived and moved about in a gas-proof room for 20 hours and were no worse at the end, and chemical instruments left in the room showed that a man could have remained there the whole time without a respirator.

A New State of Mind

The Government is paying nearly all the cost of this work, but a small part is left for local authorities to pay, because it is felt that they must be responsible for seeing that the arrangements are carried out. Over 100,000 men in the service of local authorities have, up to now, been trained for defence purposes, and the whole of our 60,000 police have also been trained. There are also 10,000 doctors and 6000 Red Cross workers available, and these have been in contact with business organisations.

As these matters concern every household in the country it is necessary that we should all acquaint ourselves with them and be prepared.

It is not to be thought that because these preparations are being made there is any immediate danger.

It is unhappily necessary that the preparations should be made, and that the whole world should understand that the nation cannot be taken by surprise and found unprepared and unguarded. For the new form of warfare which acts upon a civil population the civilian must be as efficiently prepared as the soldier.

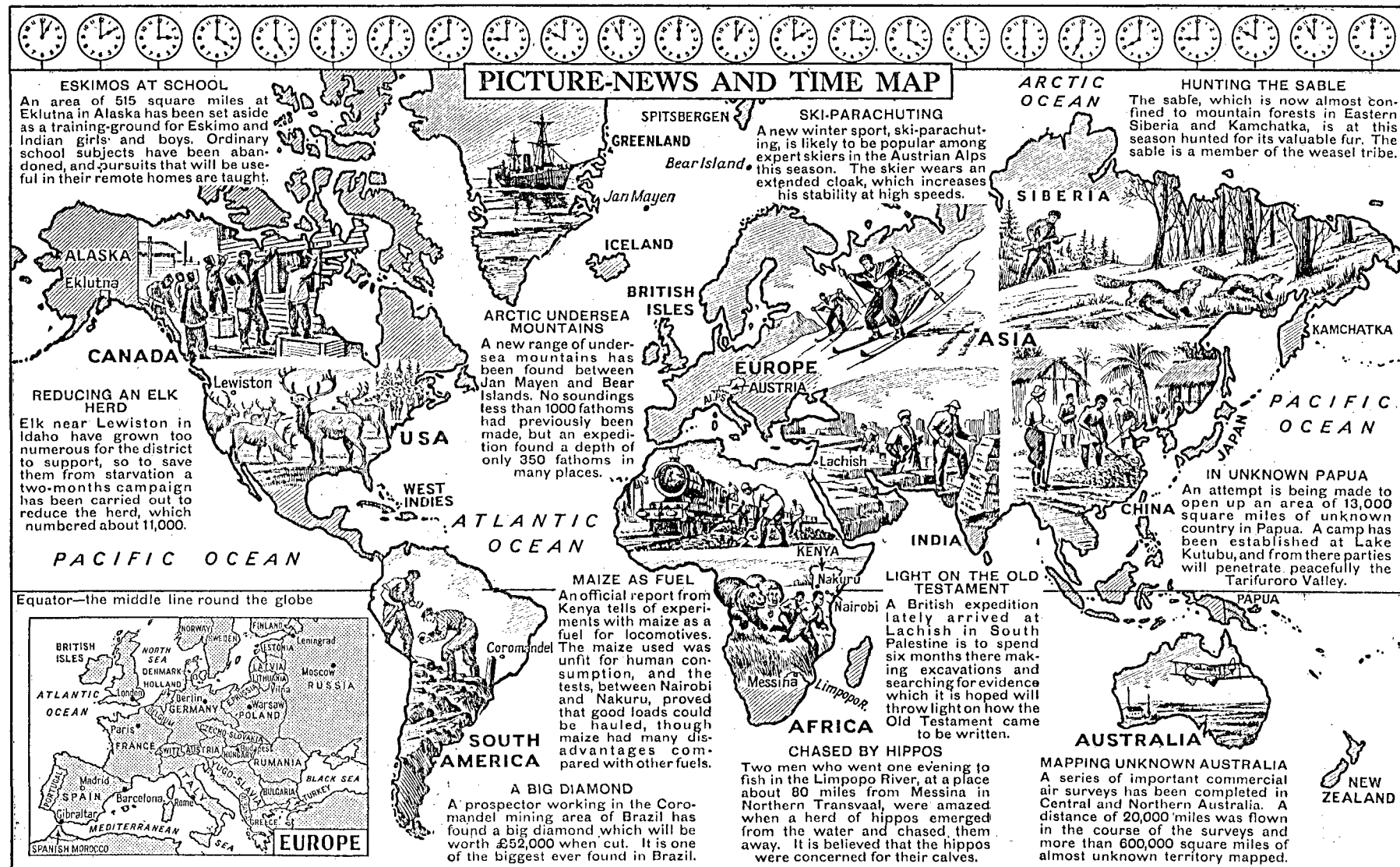
We have to get used to a new state of mind, to be ready for an enemy if he should suddenly appear; but we need not lie awake at night thinking that he will appear. It is wise to be ready for anything, however unlikely the event may be, and just as the safest house guards itself with fire extinguishers, so the time has come when we must guard ourselves against all possibilities of attack, however unlikely they may be.

A Nation Strong Again

It is encouraging to feel that there are signs that the madness of the world is passing away, and that the day may soon come when all this will appear like an evil dream. However great an injustice may be, it cannot be ended by war, and we must hope that even Dictators may come to realise this truth.

Encouraging it is also to realise that the great strengthening of the defences of the British Empire has brought a new confidence to those who love peace. This country is no longer a promising victim for well-armed enemies. Believing in Disarmament, it disarmed itself to the point of danger while other nations armed; but it is strong again, and able to stand foursquare to whatever winds may blow. It is necessary now that we should guard ourselves against the danger of a people unprepared, and therefore it is that we must face things so unpleasant to a peace-loving nation. Our strong arm has for generations been the defender of Right and Peace and Freedom, and now that our strength depends so much upon ourselves we must not fail.

*We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty State;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great.*



WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR FILMS?

More Brain-Power Wanted

Surely the richest industry in the world, was ever anything so queerly managed as the cinema business?

It lives on an idea, which for imagination has never been surpassed in the history of invention, yet was ever an idea so lacking in brain-power to direct it? We are driven more and more to this conclusion as we think of the state of the cinema industry in this country.

Since 1927 British film production has been protected by the State, but ten years of nursing have not succeeded in building it up as a healthy child. While some good films have been made, the industry has not achieved success.

The Quota Quickie

This is the more remarkable because the market is so big. Even small towns have three or four picture-houses, and nearly every family in the land goes to the pictures once or twice a week. Never was such an opportunity for the British producer to appeal to the British buyer.

But the foreign pictures, having secured a lead, retained it, and the early efforts of the British studios were impossibly bad. Thereupon the trade, instead of asserting itself, appealed to the Government for help, and the Government passed an Act which compelled every exhibitor to purchase a certain minimum of British film. This compulsion served the producers of poor stuff, for it enabled them to foist their wares on an unwilling market. So arose the evil of the Quota Quickie, a disgrace to the trade that produced it.

The Government has now decided to continue the protection of British-made films by a quota system, but proposes to alter the method. Their new plan is to compel the British quota films to be expensive, so that no more cheap stuff can be dumped on a protected market.

Testing Quality by Cost

The legal minimum cost is to be £1 a foot. Thus a cost test is held to be a quality test.

But if the British film industry is ever to succeed it must achieve quality not to be estimated at so many or so few pounds of cost per foot.

There are too many feet already in British films. What the industry needs are more heads: heads with brain, imagination, artistry. Writers and artists of distinction the nation does not lack; why should the film-makers lack them? We are dowered with a great literature and a proud history. We have enchanting story-tellers. We have actors second to none. With these advantages we find the present output of British films disappointing beyond measure. No State aid can make marketable serious films that are dull or comic films that are not worth laughing at.

The true remedy is for the British film producer to look first to his scenario, and not waste acting talent on poor dialogue. A talking film depends far more than anything else on good talk.

A Committee set up by the Government recommended that a State Film Commission should be set up, and such a Commission might ban the undesirable and encourage the good. The film is too important an engine to be left in poor hands.

Tragedy of a Wooden Hut

In a tiny wooden hut in Australia a man was eating his dinner, with his dog sitting at his feet.

Suddenly a snake fell from one of the rafters on to the table, and the dog leapt to his master's defence, attacked the snake, and killed it. But in doing so the faithful animal was bitten to death.

THE LITTLE ORANGE TREE

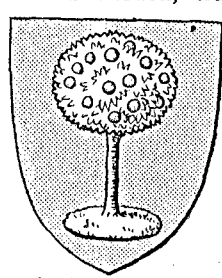
A Mistake in South Africa's Coat-of-Arms?

OLD WAR SOUVENIR GOES HOME

IF we look at the coat-of-arms of the Union of South Africa we notice in one quarter of the shield a little orange tree covered with ripe fruit, the arms of the Orange Free State.

Without giving further thought to the matter it seems natural enough that a State with such a name should take an orange tree for its arms, but a recent incident has raised the question of what justification there is for an orange tree.

The story begins in 1777, when the commander of the garrison at Capetown, a Dutch officer of Scottish extraction named Gordon, trekked northward to



The Orange Free State arms of today

the river which had previously been known to the Hotentots as the Garib (great water) and to the early Dutch settlers as Groote Rivier. Gordon named it the Orange River after the Prince of Orange. The House of Orange, the royal family of the

Netherlands, originally took its title from the little principality of Orange in south-eastern France. Just over a century ago the Boer emigrants who had crossed the Orange River to escape from British sovereignty in Cape Colony drew up a constitution and proclaimed the territory a republic, with Winburg as the capital.

Following some years of doubtful authority the government was taken over by the British in 1848, and the country was styled the Orange River Sovereignty. Eventually the Home Government repented of this arrangement, and in 1854 a royal proclamation renounced British sovereignty, and once more a Boer republic was set up, this time at Bloemfontein.

The republic lasted until the South African War, when the British forces occupied the capital in 1900, and the title was changed to Orange River Colony. The British Commander-in-Chief was Lord Roberts, and from the Council Chamber in Bloemfontein he took, as

one of the spoils of war, the coat-of-arms of the republic. It bore a tree design and had been carved out of a solid block of wood in 1857, shortly after the republic was established.

This historic piece of woodcarving has just been given back to the Orange Free State by Lady Roberts, daughter of the Field-Marshal. On its return it has been examined with special interest by Mr A. Kieser, archivist of the Free State, for he has long maintained that the tree on the arms should be an olive. He now finds his theory supported by the fact that the tree on the old war souvenir shows no sign of an orange.

The earliest appearance of a tree seems to be on a Great Seal of the republic made about the year 1855. We have seen a copy of it in London, and clearly there are no oranges on it.

Whether the original designers of the arms intended it to be a Tree of Independence or an olive is doubtful, but in any case it has now become irrevocably an orange. We do not know precisely when the tree began to bear oranges, but it must be remembered that the citrus fruit is a comparative newcomer to South Africa, particularly to the Orange Free State, which has too dry a climate to encourage the cultivation of oranges.

The Olive Branch

Thus it appears that the country took its name from the river, the river took its name from the family, and the family took its name from the principality. It is by no means certain that the principality owed its name to the fruit, though the French town of Orange now bears on its arms a spray of three oranges.

However, we may be sure that old Captain Gordon in the 18th century had no thought of an orange tree when he named the great river; so it would be a strange little story if it should be proved that the wrong tree has been growing in South African heraldry. If it is an olive and not an orange, then surely there could be no more appropriate olive branch than the happy gesture of sending back this relic of a sad war.

ARE WE TIRING OF THE ROAD SCANDAL?

Dulled Conscience About a Great War

THE monthly road casualty list for October gives the worst record for the year, 618 killed and 19,868 more or less seriously injured.

Twenty deaths a day should suggest to the Ministry of Transport that the small reforms it has effected have barely touched the problem of the roads; and it is to be feared that most of us have allowed our consciences to become dulled. What is a grave public scandal goes with scant attention. It would appear that we are getting tired of this tragedy and taking little or no notice of it.

The 20,000 injured in a month is barely referred to nowadays, but let us think what it means. Over 600 people hurt every day, many of them crippled or disabled for life. This is a grave loss of life. Motorists have already made a million cripples.

It is a battle every day: 20 killed and 600 injured. It is a big battle every month: 600 killed and 20,000 injured. It is a great war every year: 7500 killed and 250,000 injured.

No remedy can greatly change these accusing figures short of reducing the

present speed limit of 30 miles an hour, 44 feet a second. On speed-limit roads the casualties in October were:

337 killed
2898 seriously injured
11,644 slightly injured

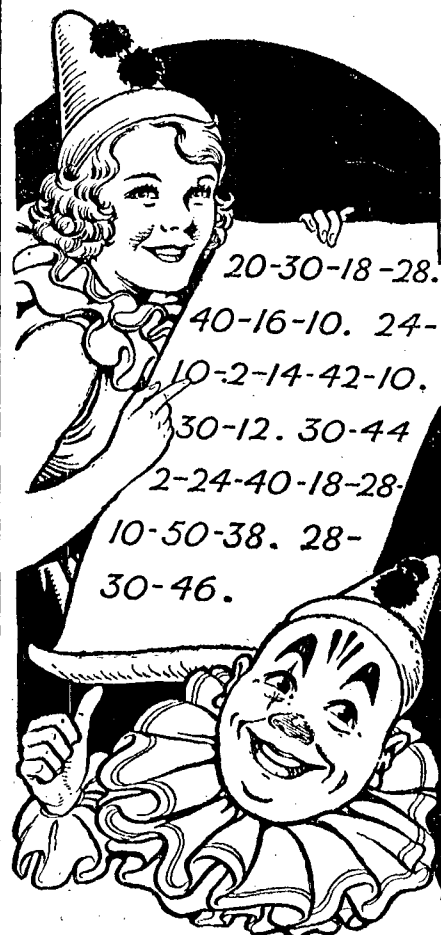
We believe that one of the remedies is the importance of higher penalties, increasing after the first offence, with cancellation of licence after the third offence. Nominal penalties are useless. Licences should be forfeited for life in grave cases and with all cases of drunken drivers.

It is regrettable that the Ministry should now issue monthly returns only; the weekly return should be restored, serving the salutary purpose of reminding the public 52 times a year of the mass murder on the roads.

Also the licensing regulations should include an examination in motor-car construction and in the laws of motion. Nine out of ten of our licensed motorists know nothing whatever of the theoretical considerations attaching to bodies in motion, and many of them know little more of the elaborate mechanism of the dangerous vehicles they drive.

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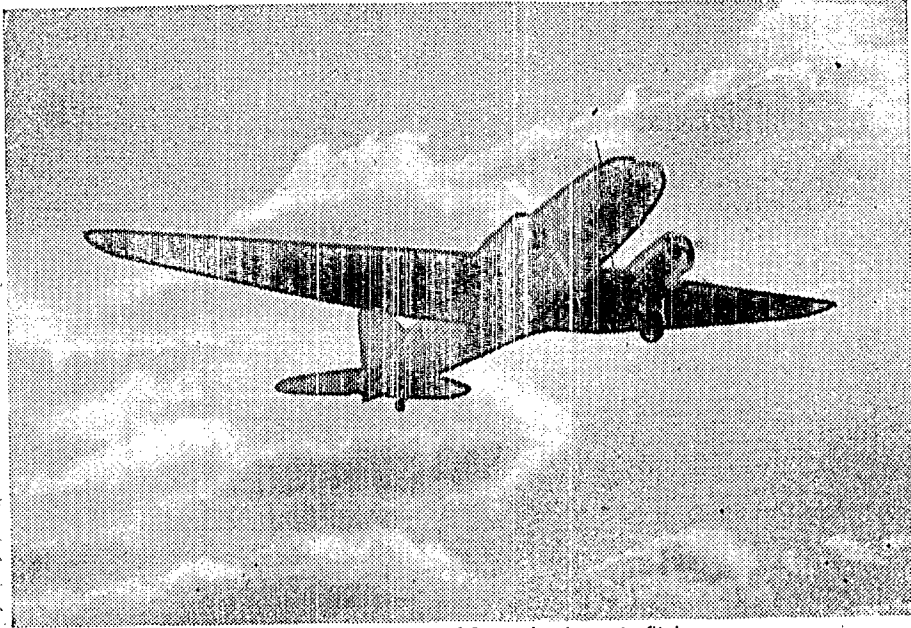
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(Write in BLOCK letters)

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EVERYDAY SCENES AT CROYDON AIRPORT, T



A Douglas monoplane of Swiss Air Lines in flight

Is Civil Aviation in Britain inefficiently run? The question has been asked with startling suddenness in Parliament, and the Secretary of State for Air has ordered a Committee to inquire into Civil Aviation generally. The fact that many British machines are already old-fashioned is explained as being due to the pressure of the Government's rearmament scheme, which has delayed their replacement. One British company has been driven to buy planes abroad. Here a C.N. correspondent looks at a day's work at the London Airport at Croydon, the Charing Cross of the Flying World, which these criticisms bring into the news this week.

THE invasion of London by aeroplanes goes on without ceasing, day after day, and as many winged messengers go out from London to the capitals and other cities of Europe.

These comings and goings are seldom interrupted except by the fiercest gales or the densest fogs. In daylight and darkness the planes come and go with their loads of passengers, little planes of private companies with only two passengers and giants carrying forty people, and goods and mails besides. Comfort is the byword in all machines, and in some full-course meals are served, so that dinner may be started within sight of the lights of London and finished as Paris comes into view.

In the early morning there are the newspaper planes carrying the London dailies to the Continent and bringing Continental papers for sale in London within a few hours of publication, so that no stranger in either city need miss his morning paper.

There are, too, the freighters which carry miscellaneous loads of urgently wanted goods. We looked inside one of these, a Junkers of the German Air Lines. It was like a huge pantechicon, and more than three tons of goods are often carried in one of them on the evening service between Croydon and Berlin, a journey which takes less than five hours including a call at Amsterdam.

There is big business in carrying goods by air, and, apart from the passenger lines, whose planes carry many tons, there are three companies operating from Croydon which carry only goods and papers. Last year 5070 tons of goods in and out of the country were cleared through Croydon, and this year the figure will be higher. Last July was the best month, with 613 tons. Day-old chicks and pedigree dogs are frequent passengers; and urgently wanted machinery parts and bullion form part of cargoes. More gold travels by air between England and the Continent than by land and sea. Insurance generally costs less for air-borne goods, for there is less risk of pillage and the time of the journey is much shorter.

Busy as are the warehouses of the airport and the goods trains of the air, the chief signs of activity are concerned with the passenger traffic.

On a normal day in summer there are 70 planes arriving in Croydon and 70 leaving, and most of these carry passengers. In July this year 22,216 passengers passed through Croydon to or from overseas, and in the whole of last year 132,000 overseas passengers used the airport. This figure will be greatly exceeded this year, for up to October there was a lead of 20,000 on the figures of last year.

It is only to be expected that traffic would be less heavy in winter, but even then the daily arrivals and departures are each about forty, and monthly passenger figures are between seven and eight thousand. Winter travel by air is definitely becoming more popular, however, and business men particularly are discovering that a journey of a few hours in a warm plane cabin is better than a journey of several hours, with changes from train to boat and the possibility of a rough sea voyage.

The main booking hall at Croydon is very much like the entrance hall of a

big railway terminus, and here the companies operating from the airport have their offices. Passengers are brought from London in cars or coaches and pass into the hall. Each traveller and his luggage has been weighed at the office in London and the information has been telephoned to the aerodrome, so that by the time they arrive the passenger list and load sheet are ready. Besides the weight of passengers and their luggage the load sheet has a record of the weight of the crew, stores, and, in fact, everything to be carried by the plane. The plane is licensed to carry a maximum weight which must on no account be exceeded. It may be necessary to bring a bigger plane into commission if the load is too much, or some of the less urgent freight may be left behind.

When the passengers arrive at Croydon they pass through the Emigration Hall, where passports are examined; then they pass on to the aerodrome, where the air-liner is drawn up close to the building. It may be that several planes are waiting, but notices indicate the various destinations, and porters are ready. In the meantime the cars and coaches have driven round to the planes and luggage has been loaded. In unsettled weather covered ways are placed for the convenience of passengers between the building and the planes.

All passengers and goods being on board, the pilot and his crew take their places and wait for a signal to take off. This is given from the gallery of the control tower by means of a red signalling lamp focussed on the pilot.

The Flying Plane's Wireless Link With Croydon

WHEN the machine leaves the ground it does not altogether leave Croydon behind, for it is linked by wireless with the aerodrome. Its crew must report to the control officer by wireless on leaving, on reaching the height at which it is to travel, on crossing the coast near Bexhill if it is going to France, and again on crossing the French coast. After that the plane is out of the Croydon area and must now report to the control of its next port of call. Similarly, all incoming machines must report to Croydon when they come within its area. The position of every machine within the control area is indicated on a map by a little flag, so that the control officer has a record of the progress of all planes.

It often happens that a pilot flying above the clouds asks to be given his position, and this information is found for him by the joint efforts of three

stations: Lympne, Pulham, and Croydon. At each of these a radio goniometer enables the operator to take the bearings of the aircraft from his station. This information is transmitted from Pulham and Lympne to Croydon, and three lines are drawn on a map, one from each station at the angle given as the bearing. The point where the lines intersect on the map shows the position of the aeroplane, and this information is sent to the pilot by wireless. Many planes are now equipped with their own direction-finding rings, and beacons at Croydon, Le Bourget, and Amsterdam transmit distinguishing signals for one minute in every three. Thus crews of these planes are able to work out their own positions.

How the Danger of Collisions is Avoided

INCOMING planes usually report from a distance their estimated time of arrival, and often several are expected at Croydon within a few minutes of each other. When conditions of low cloud or fog prevail there is grave danger of collisions as planes converge on Croydon. In these circumstances each plane is told by the Croydon controller to fly at a certain height, the machine which is expected first at the lowest level, the next a few hundred feet higher, and so on. Thus the risk of collision is avoided.

If the aerodrome is clear when the first machine arrives the plane is given permission to land, and others that may have arrived in the locality are told to fly around at their appointed heights. When the aerodrome is again clear permission is given to the next machine to land, while others are told to fly around at various heights until their turns come.

In normal conditions an arriving machine makes a circuit of the aerodrome and waits for permission to land.

Fog and ice (the ice forming on plane surfaces) are the greatest enemies of the aviator. The C.N. has recently explained what is being done to overcome the ice trouble. As to fog, Croydon is equipped with a device which helps pilots to make safe landings, the Lorenz short-wave approach equipment.

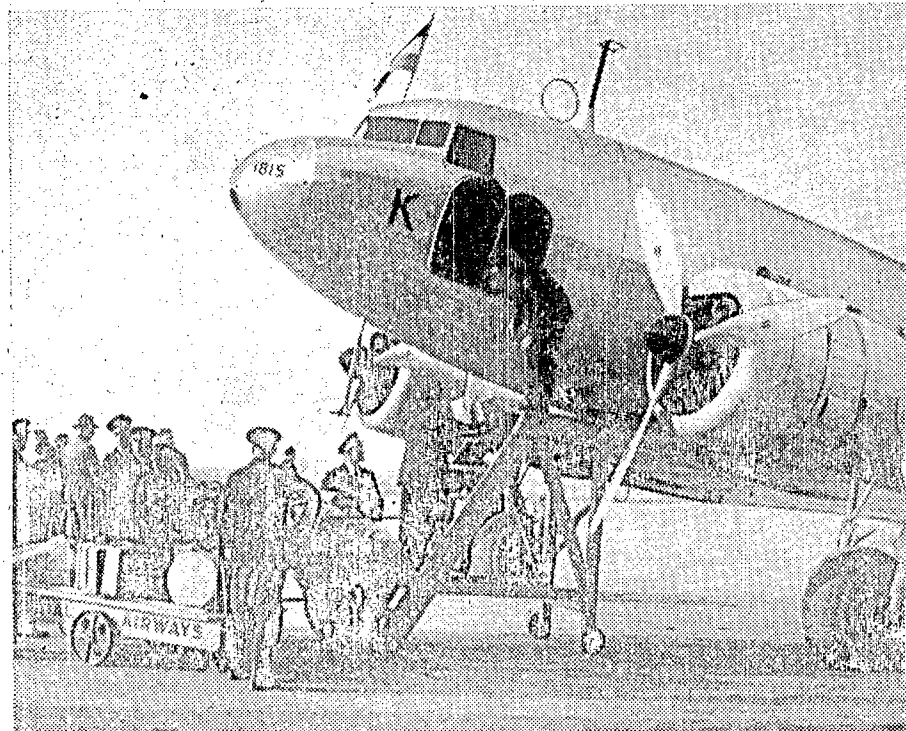
The Lorenz equipment has been in use for some time at Croydon and at various Continental airports, and several machines using Croydon have the appropriate apparatus, which enables them to reach the airport without difficulty and land safely in foggy weather.

The Wonderful Apparatus That Guides the Pilot Home

WHEN approaching the pilot hears in his headphones a series of dots if he is to the left of his route and dashes if to the right. A continuous note tells him that he is on the proper course, and other distinguishing notes indicate when he passes beacons which mark his distance from the aerodrome, and so let him know when to throttle his engine and glide. This marvellous apparatus even shows him the correct angle for his glide.

Many planes come into Croydon during the hours of darkness, and a flashing neon beacon enables pilots to recognise the aerodrome's position from a distance of 45 miles, or, in very favourable conditions, as far as 80 miles. As the plane approaches the pilot is able to see the extent of the safe landing area clearly marked by a series of red fixed boundary lights, and an illuminated T-shaped sign on the aerodrome swings to indicate the direction of the wind. Situated at various points round the aerodrome are eight banks of floodlights, each of half-a-million candle-power, and a portable floodlight with a beam of a million candle-power is used as needed.

Passengers may book from Croydon to more than 200 towns in Europe, for



Unloading mails from a Dutch plane at Croydon

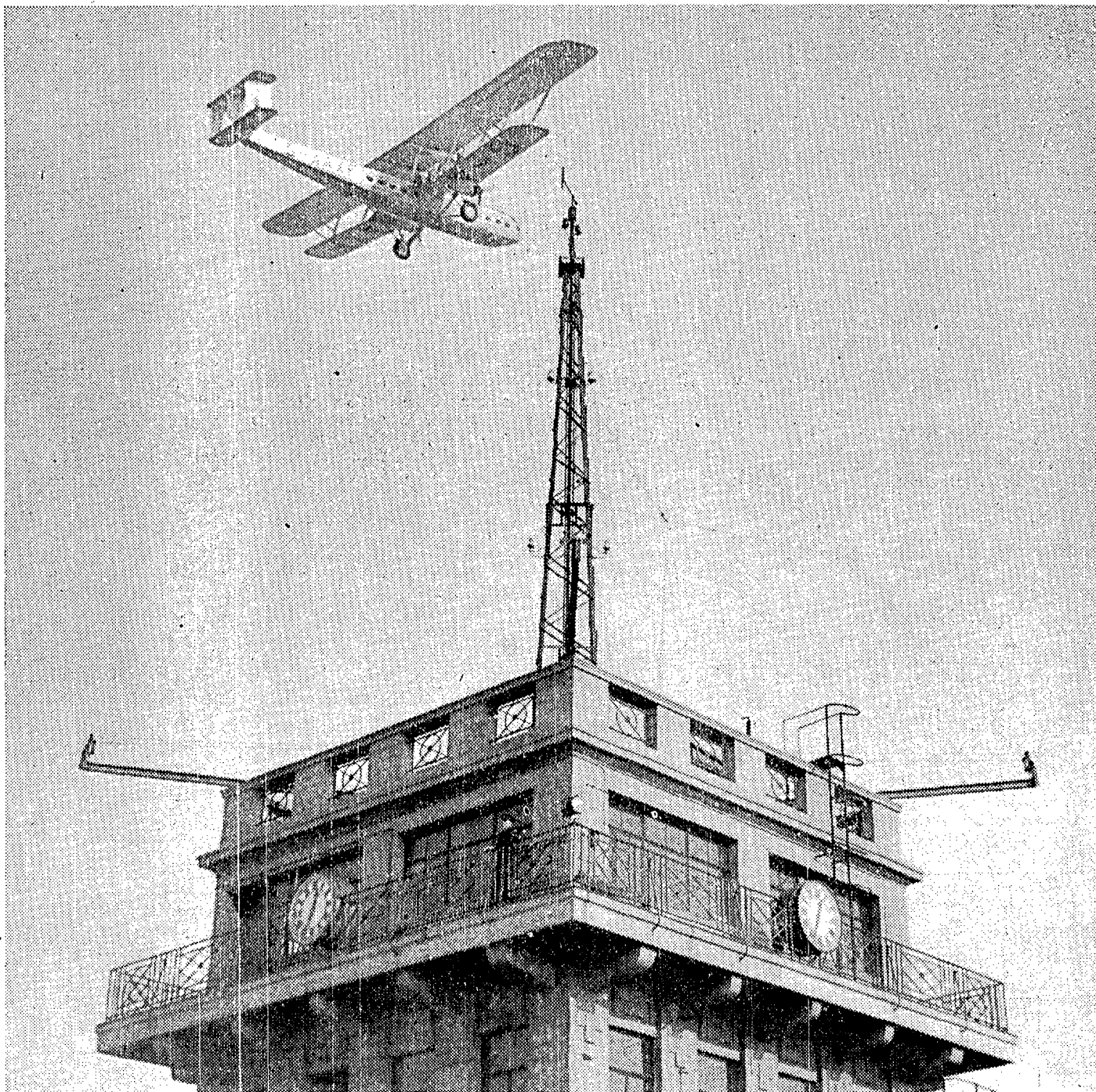
THE CHARING CROSS OF THE FLYING WORLD

the services are timed to connect with others leaving cities like Paris, Berlin, Brussels. Imperial Airways and British Airways are the British companies operating services to the Continent, and North-Eastern Airways, Railway Air Services, and Irish Sea Airways work in the British Isles. The planes of KLM (Royal Dutch Air Lines) serve Holland and connect with the Dutch services to the Far East; and other companies operating from Croydon are DLH (German Air Lines), Sabena (Belgian), Air France, Swiss Air, and ABA (Swedish Air Lines). The Empire services of Imperial Airways are now operated from Southampton.

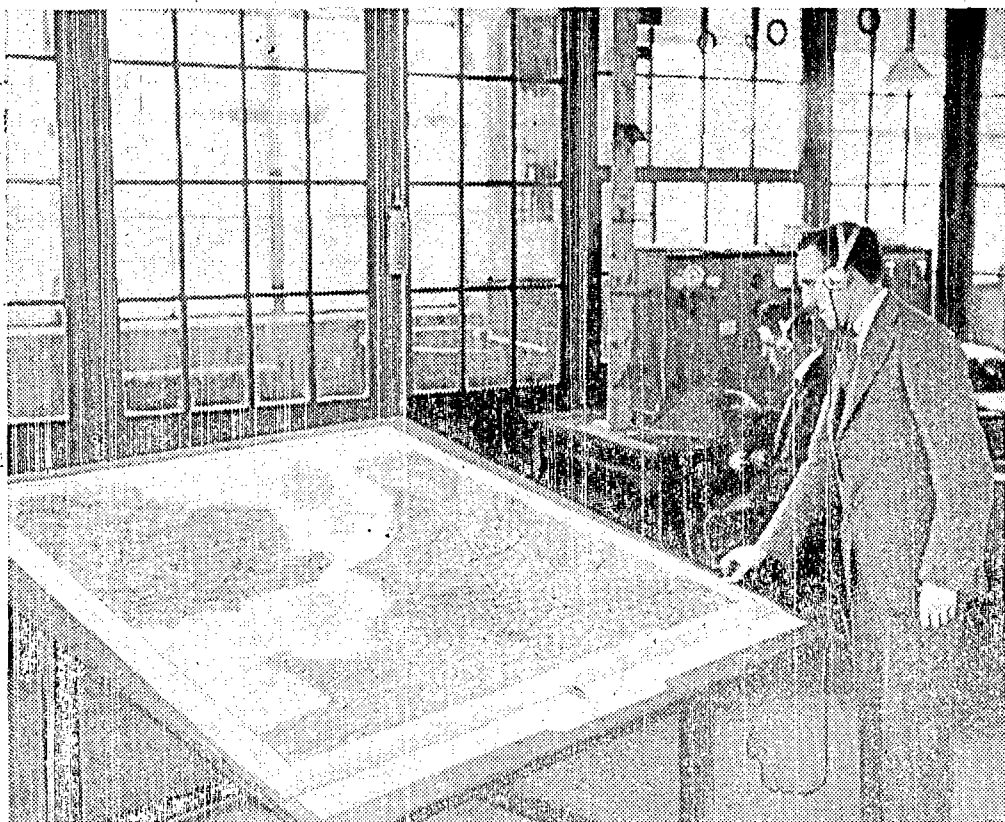
It may be wondered how the control officer can communicate with the pilots of so many nationalities, for messages must pass quickly. The fact is that a kind of Esperanto of the air has been evolved. It is known as the International Q Code, and consists of various combinations of three letters always beginning with Q. For instance, QFM means At what height must I fly? QBG means Are you above clouds? A pilot wishing to let Croydon know his estimated time of arrival would report the registration letters of his machine and would send, say, QAA GED 1600. The man in the control tower would interpret this as, I expect to arrive at Croydon at 4 p.m. The letters GED are Croydon's call-sign and 1600 represents 16 hours, or 4 p.m., according to the 24-hour clock. Already there are about 200 phrases in use in the Q Code, and others are continually being added.

The Busy Airport That Never Closes Down

CROYDON Airport never closes down, for during the 24 hours of each day there are on duty control officers, wireless and telephone operators, fire-tender men, communication officers, police, porters, Customs and Immigration officials, and CID men. During the day, of course, there are many hundreds at work, including the office staffs of the various companies engaged on the maintenance of planes and engines. In the big workshops of Imperial Airways engines may be seen in all stages of dismantling and reassembly by experts, who scrutinise each part, big and little, with the utmost care.



A 40-seater plane of the Imperial Airways fleet above the control tower at Croydon



The Control Tower—A map on which the position is marked of all planes in the Croydon control; and, on the right, the official who gives pilots the signal to take off

LEAVING WORRIES BEHIND THEM

A Lancashire Colony of Hope

An estate which is said to have belonged to the ancestors of Miles Standish, who sailed in the Mayflower, has a new colony where hope is strong and the future bright with promise.

The estate is near Duxbury Hall, home of the Lancashire branch of the Standishes, and just as the old colonist began life anew in America, so 13 families here are beginning life all over again.

The families have been put on the land by the Land Settlement Association. The men were once weavers or glass-workers who had fallen on evil times. Unemployment had made them hopeless, but now they and their 24 children have semi-detached houses with electricity and garages (though there are no cars in the garages yet), and several acres of land. Some of the men keep bees, and all have pigs and poultry and goats. The goats provide all the milk needed by the little community, and the pigs are sold to a Cumberland bacon factory, the eggs (as many as 15,000 a week) being sent to a local packing station. Garden produce, flowers, and vegetables are a source of income, and in five years these hopeful men near Chorley will have left their worries behind them.

His Daily Walk

The postman who walked three miles up Kirkstone Pass every morning for over 40 years to deliver letters has passed to his last journey; he was James Leighton, and has died at Ambleside, after climbing up the Pass (1500 feet) more than 12,000 times.

FROM WITCHCRAFT TO PARLIAMENT

A Memorable Gathering at Capetown

It is probable that December 6, the date of the first meeting of the first Native Council ever assembled at Capetown, or anywhere else in Africa, will remain memorable in the history of the peoples of that great land.

The function of this new parliament is to consider and advise on all matters affecting native life, and to review all questions of native taxation before they are laid before the Union Parliament.

Here is a step forward which it took our own people centuries to achieve in rural England; but the advance is more dramatic here than it was with us. We had had the advantage of more than a thousand years of Christian influence in our midst, and acquaintance still longer with all the machinery of civilisation.

In this Native Council are men whose fathers, perhaps their elder brothers, were believers in and practisers of witchcraft and wizardry. They had no conception of God. Their belief centred in ghosts—the spirits of their ancestors,

of whom some, especially the ghosts of uncles, were supposed to be fierce, mischievous, and vengeful.

The wizards were those who were supposed to be in communion with the spirits and able to summon them from their graves to work evil against those whom the wizards disliked. Lord Bryce found that a Basuto chief had been removed from his grave and secretly reburied so that the wizards should not find him and call him forth for nefarious ends.

Many of them believed themselves the kindred of animals. There were lion tribes, antelope tribes, snake tribes; and men who will now be settling the affairs of the tribes in this Council may have heard themselves addressed by their leaders as "Sons of crocodiles."

So the coming of the Native Council marks an epoch, an advance of ten thousand years at a stride, from the witch-haunted theories of mankind in its childhood to the legislative methods of 20th-century civilisation.

Lobsters on the Way

OVER 13,000 lobsters have been hatched out this season at Port Erin, Isle of Man.

They are on their way to encourage Manxmen, Englishmen, and Welshmen to eat more fish, though we ought to describe the lobster not as a fish but as a crustacean. But these budding lobsters have a long way to go before they come to market. Newly hatched, they measure only a third of an inch, and for six months swim on the surface. Then they sink to the bottom and become complete lobsters of half an inch. Gradually they creep to the shore, avoiding as best they can the fish that feed on them in their unprotected stage.

This occurs often in the life of the lobster, for it sheds its shell many times in growing up. A lobster two inches long has moulted 14 times, one of five inches 20 times, and a four-year-old of 10 inches 25 times; and each moult exposes it to its enemies. The last of these is man, and, taken all round, the way of the lobster would appear to be as hard as the way of the transgressor.

In the same season the Port Erin Biological Station, which is supported by Liverpool University and the Manx Government, has released ten million young plaice. They also lead an insecure life, but a goodly percentage will come to the dinner table weighing two pounds.

ITALY'S FIVE TOWNS

Redemption of the Pontine Marshes

There are two Mussolinis, the Duce of the shining armour, and Benito Mussolini who helps the poor man.

He began the good work of helping the poor peasants of the Pontine Marshes by building garden towns for them in a region saved from the malarial mosquito. The fourth of these rural townships, Aprilia, has now been opened by him, and he was fully entitled to say, as he did, that when the fifth town, Pomezia, is opened next year modern Italy will have accomplished in ten years what some others have been vainly attempting to do for twenty centuries.

Through most of those 2000 years the marshes have been a byword for malaria and poverty, and after the breakdown of the Roman Empire their inhabitants fell away till only shepherds and their flocks were left. But now the Pontine Marshes support 30,000 peasants who have gone back to the land, and live happily and profitably in and about its four towns, so soon to become five.

Marvellous New Road Machines

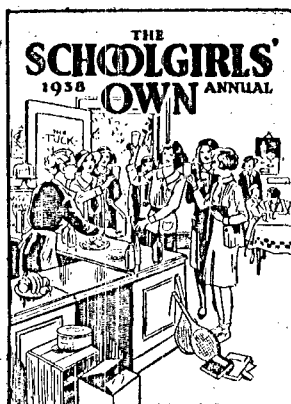
Some of the extraordinary machinery for constructing highways was shown in London at the Public Works, Roads, and Transport Exhibition. One was an excavator which removes several tons of earth a minute, though two men can operate it. A model was shown of another machine which straddles the track of a new road, prepares the ground, and leaves a completely finished road as it moves along on rails.

Specimens of non-skid road-surfaces were also shown, and there was a new testing machine which is able to reveal how far such surfaces are successful.

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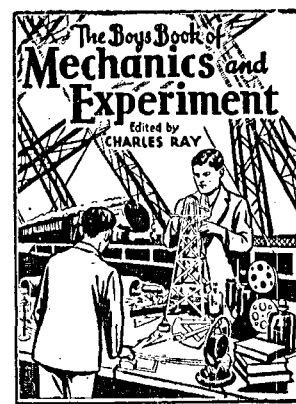
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YOU can depend on a book as a Christmas present that is sure to interest you, and you cannot better this selection, which is produced by the biggest publishers of children's literature in the world, and written and illustrated by authors and artists who know exactly what you like. Some of the Annuals are packed with fascinating articles on how to make and do, others are full of exciting and amusing stories; some, for younger folk, contain funny drawings, pretty verse, puzzles and games.

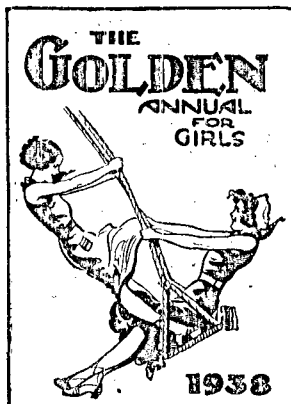
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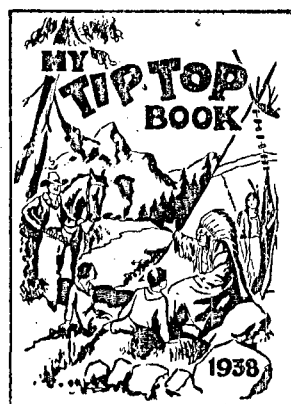
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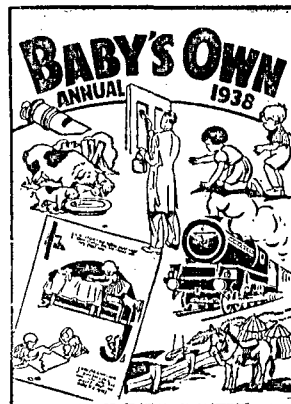
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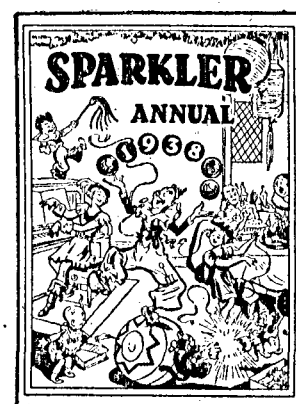
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The finest picture book for babies. In lovely colours throughout, with pictures to paint. Ideal for two to six-year-olds. **2/6** Net



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COMING ECLIPSES OF A GIANT SUN

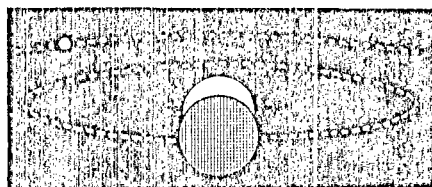
Worlds of the Strange Solar System of Algol

By the C N Astronomer

Next week we shall see eclipses which took place 120 years ago.

They will be seen in the brilliant constellation of Perseus, which is now overhead between 8 and 10 o'clock in the evening, and the star concerned is the famous Algol. We may be able to see one taking place next Sunday evening, December 5, and another on the following Wednesday evening. Algol may be easily found on the star-map in the C N for November 20.

Algol is a colossal sun radiating about 200 times more light than our Sun, but as it is 7,504,000 times farther away than our Sun it appears merely as a star. The eclipses come about because Algol has what might be called a still more colossal



The solar system of Algol (foreshortened) showing the situation at mid-eclipse on Sunday and Wednesday next

world revolving round it. That this body should be larger than the sun round which it revolves is very remarkable; it is, however, much less dense or this could not happen. This world, which appears to be relatively dark as compared with Algol, must be composed very largely of cloud and vapour highly attenuated and with a relatively small and dense centre. Nevertheless it is sufficiently great to pull Algol over a million miles away from its central position and to make that colossal sun travel round in a smaller orbit within that of its great planet. This is very much what happens to the Earth relative to the Moon.

It happens that the orbits of this strange solar system of Algol are so tilted relatively to our position in space that periodically one body passes partly in front of the other and eclipses result. Such an occurrence may be witnessed on December 5. Normally Algol appears as a star of second magnitude, almost as bright as Alpha, and thus it will appear in the early part of the evening, say about five o'clock, when Perseus is high in the north-east sky. Later on Algol will be seen gradually to become dim, until between 9 and 10 it will have become no brighter than the small star Rho in Perseus, which is to be seen a little way to the south of Algol.

Five Hours in Passing

Algol will then be sending us less than one-third of its light because the great eclipsing world will have intervened, or rather did intervene for this particular occasion 120 years ago. In the course of another five hours the obscuring world will have passed on and Algol will have regained its normal brilliance.

After an interval of 2 days 20 hours and 49 minutes, during which the great world will have revolved round Algol, it will again be presented in front of Algol, as shown in the picture; so we should again see the star dimmed as before, but at about 6 o'clock on Wednesday evening. Then in the course of the next five hours it will gradually regain its usual brilliance.

There is yet another world that is known to travel round Algol, but this is at an average distance of about 116 million miles and takes nearly two years to revolve.

G. F. M.

The Litter Lout Raises Your Rates
Put him down and keep them down

WHY NEED THINGS BE UGLY?

A Foreign Critic Looks Round

Do we fail in industrial art? Are our British manufactured articles lacking in beauty?

A competent foreign critic has been inquiring into Industrial Art in England, and his verdict is:

"Things are extremely bad. When I say that 90 per cent of British industrial art is devoid of any aesthetic merit I am not exaggerating."

Not that he thinks other countries very praiseworthy, for he finds most industrial products deplorably bad in design in every modern country. We seem, however, to be at the bottom of the list for beauty.

He had some queer adventures in his inquiries. A maker of electric fittings repulsed him by saying that they were "not interested in the question of public taste in design." Such a view must be the explanation of the poor designs we see in every shop, in spite of all the good work of the Royal Society of Arts.

The truth is that in almost every branch of manufacture, whether it be furniture or fabrics or metal goods or wallpapers or glass or pottery, most of the articles offered us are an offence to good taste. To look into a shop window in a poor neighbourhood is to be shocked by its contents.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Christmas is only a short time ahead and many of next week's school broadcasts, the last for this term, are seasonable. The Nativity Play on Tuesday, Christmas Day in Our Village on Thursday, and the Mummings' Play on Friday will all be worth hearing.

On Tuesday a concert of Handel's music will be given by the B B C Singers and Orchestra.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 How Plants Obtain Food, Water, and Air: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Revision and Concert of Pupils' Tunes.

TUESDAY, 11.25 History in the Making. 2.5 Feeding Birds in Winter. 2.30 A Nativity Play. 3.0 Concert of Works by Handel.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Angles and Saxons: by H. Ross Williamson. 2.30 How Food is Kept Fresh: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Orchestral Concert.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Across the Straits to Andalusia: by P. D. Whitting. 2.5 Our Village—Christmas. 2.30 Looking Outward: by Rhoda Power.

FRIDAY, 2.5 A Summer Christmas in the Antarctic: by A. H. Laurie. 2.30 Christmas is Coming. 2.55 Mummings' Play. 3.15 Next Week's Music: by Scott Goddard. 3.35 Modern Poetry: by Michael Roberts.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training (Using the Tongue—k, g): by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Let Us Talk to a Forester: by J. A. B. McDonald. 2.30 Dramatic Reading—Nativity Play.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Wings and Song: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Time and Tune—New Rhythms: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Christmas in the Woods: by R. J. D. Graham. 3.5 Scottish History—Thank General Wade: by Doris M. Ketelbey.

FRIDAY, 2.5 A Land of Christmas Trees: by K. H. Huggins. 2.55 As National.

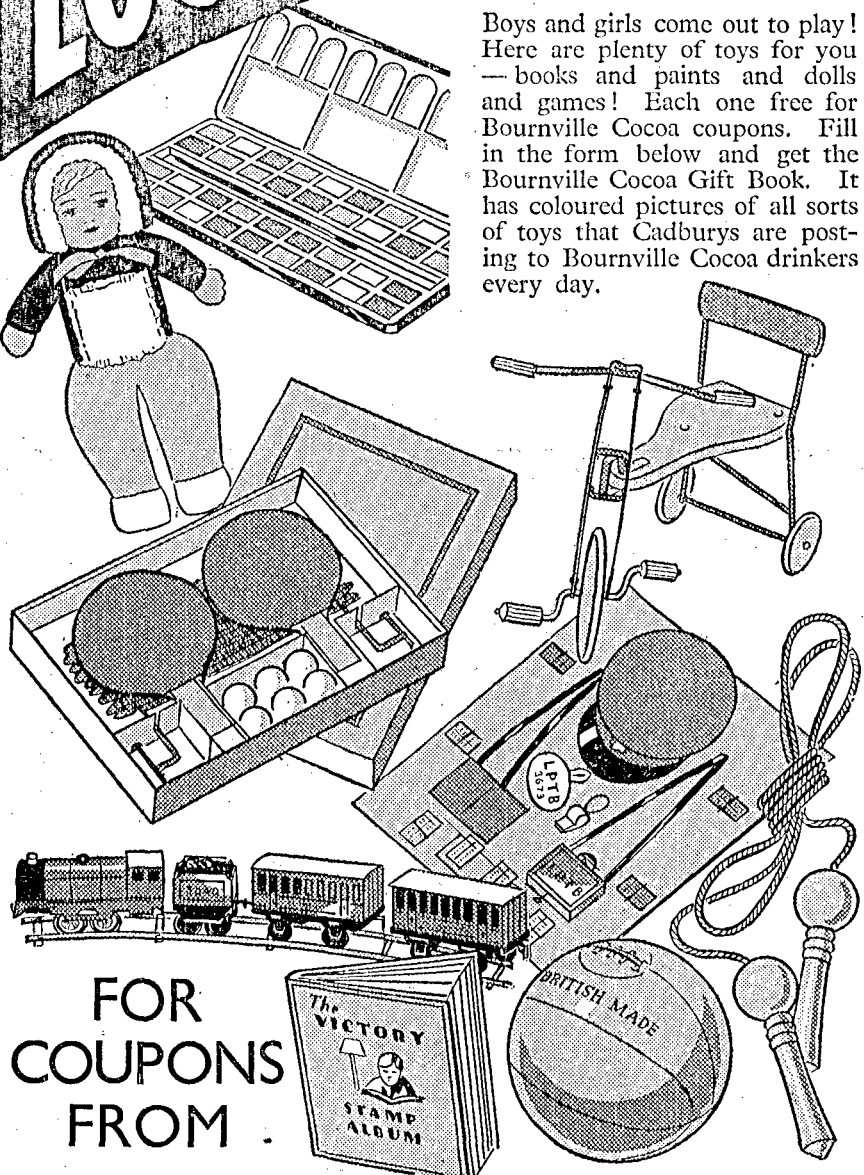
Sinking

The village of Tyldesley in Lancashire stands over deep mine workings, and 14 of its houses are sinking into the ground.

Roads have sunk and pavement flags lie at curious angles. In some houses the front door will not open, others are shut in at the back. Walls have cracks six inches wide through which the winter winds whistle, and cupboards have fallen forward from the walls.



Boys and girls come out to play! Here are plenty of toys for you—books and paints and dolls and games! Each one free for Bournville Cocoa coupons. Fill in the form below and get the Bournville Cocoa Gift Book. It has coloured pictures of all sorts of toys that Cadburys are posting to Bournville Cocoa drinkers every day.



Bournville Cocoa

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WHY MILK COSTS MORE

Too Many People Wasting Money

It seems that the price we pay to the milkman who brings us the bottles of milk is excessive because there are too many people in the retail trade.

This is the conclusion arrived at in the Report of an inquiry by the Food Council.

The Report states that, as there are minimum prices for milk in all districts, distributors compete with each other by trying to extend their trade farther afield, so adding to the cost of distribution. Many give services which are too elaborate, and there is a great deal of overlapping.

By freeing retail prices from any control there would be competition in price, which would, the Report presumes, lead to a lowering of prices to the consumer as well as a reduction in the number of distributors. Those who remained in the business would deliver more gallons on a round, and thus save operating costs.

Even more important reductions in price could be achieved by organising the industry on a better basis, for there would be fewer processing and distributing depots, fewer shops, less advertising expenses, and so on.

Milk is as essential to us all as water. The sale of water by rival distributors would be thought absurd by everyone, and it is hardly less absurd to have six milkmen distributing milk in one street.

Camberwell has found the spring, believed to be Cripple's Well, from which the town takes its name, the word can meaning crippled.

THE ATOM HUNT

See It at the Science Museum

The Chase of the Atom is on view at the Science Museum from now till February. It is one of this museum's fine free shows.

Not even the Science Museum can show the wisest or the youngest an actual atom, but, thanks to a wonderful invention of just a quarter of a century ago (by Professor C. T. R. Wilson), they can show the way an atom goes—at thousands of miles a second.

Professor Wilson's wonderful box was a fog box; and as the atom flashed through the fog its path was marked by a trail of thickened vapour. It was as if a bullet flying through a cloud had condensed the vapour into a trail of rain drops.

This is the silver jubilee of Professor Wilson's cloud chamber, and the first one he made is now to be seen at South Kensington. What it did and does is one of the miracles of our time, for it makes the invisible visible; and its achievement is revealed by a long series of photographs. On some we can see one atom banging against another, and flying off it like one billiard ball hitting another; on other photographs we see the high-velocity atom knocking a bit out of another, or one bit of an atom travelling at a lower speed joining up in a new union with a whole atom.

In short, here are displayed some of the remarkable discoveries of the fragments of the atom, which the atom-splitters have found by the help of the Cloud Chamber. The hunt is still on. The pictures of it will be on view to all during the hunting season, and point the moral that the Atom Hunt hurts none, while the fox hunt becomes more and more hurtful to all humane minds.

POOR, MURDERED SWAN

An Idiot's Gun in Shetland

In America and Britain it is a crime to shoot a wild swan.

No such fear of punishment has prevented some Shetland slayer from shooting two wild swans which for a year or more had made their home on the loch of Vatsetter, in the island of Yell. What makes the crime more shameful is that these two wild swans had become so tame that they seemed hardly wild at all.

They had survived one attack at the beginning of their annual visit a year ago. One of the swans was crippled by a shot and could not take to wing, but its companion stayed with it and refused to join a flock of other swans which came and went a short time ago. This is the way with wild swans. Once mated, they never part. They are bound together for their lifetime, and American naturalists tell us that if one of the pair is killed, or dies, the other remains solitary and seldom lives long.

These two swans in death were not divided, but their shameful murder is a disgrace to the idiot who committed it, and a serious reflection on respect in Shetland for the law which protects wild birds.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of December 1912

Lost in the Air. The following advertisement has appeared in a German newspaper—the first advertisement of this kind, perhaps, that has ever appeared.

Lost, from an aeroplane, gold watch and chain. Last seen disappearing in large stack of rye on a field near Ulzen.

A RICH COUNTRY AND ITS OLD FOLK

Taking Their Pocket Money

By some hard stroke of officialdom, some of our Old Age Pensioners have lost the eightpence a week which used to brighten their lives when they were drafted into the institution.

They now go into these institutions without a penny to spend. They are comfortable, well looked after, clothed, and fed, and the Ministry of Health which has cut off their pocket money probably wonders what they have to complain of. Are they not better off than when they had a struggle to make ends meet with their old age pensions, and had nobody to look after them?

Possibly they are, but will not the officials who take that view of the matter turn to their Shakespeare and learn that the quality of mercy is not strained?

Eightpence a week! It is not much. People who do not have to make the institution their home spend more on bus fares. But to poor old people who have nothing it represents the difference between poverty and a place in the sun.

With eightpence a week to spend old Mr Brown or old Mrs Jones can buy a stamp to send a postcard to their poor relations. It is quite likely that old Brown will buy a screw of tobacco, and what of it, if he likes it? And old Mrs Jones will hoard a few sweets to give to her grandchildren, so that they will not be ashamed to come to see Grannie, though she is in the institution.

These are the things that soften the hardship, so often bitterly felt by the poor, of being a pauper. God forbid that anything should be done to make that hardship harder, or anything omitted to make it a little easier to bear.

"It's a model to be proud of" —SAYS DRIVER CLARKE

Manufactured by
MECCANO LTD. (DEPT. Q.R.),
BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13.

Glasgow to London at an average speed of 70 m.p.h. —that was the wonderful world record non-stop run set up in November 1936 by "Princess Elizabeth," the magnificent L.M.S. locomotive, driven by Driver T. J. Clarke. Above is "Princess Elizabeth," the newest and finest Hornby locomotive. This superb scale model has been produced with the approval and co-operation of the L.M.S. Never before has so perfect a model been offered at so low a price. It has a 20-volt Electric Motor and is fitted with the famous Hornby Remote Control, 1031.

Boys! Running your own Hornby Railway is the most thrilling game in the world. Miniatures of famous expresses, "The Flying Scotsman," "The Pines Express," "The Bristolian," the "Bournemouth Limited," and many others. All kinds of goods trains with every type of truck and wagon! Points and crossings for making realistic layouts; signals for controlling the trains; bridges, stations and all the details of a real railway—the Hornby System has them all! You can start in a small way and build up a perfect model railway that becomes more and more thrilling as it grows. Go to your dealer today and ask him to show you all these wonderful Hornby Trains and Accessories.

Prices of Hornby Trains from 4/11.

Here's a Grand New Book For You!

The new Hornby Book of Trains is one of the most interesting books on railways ever produced. It tells you all about the latest developments in railway practice and describes vividly the thrills of building up a model railway of your own. Then there is a superb catalogue, in full colour, of all the locomotives, coaches, wagons and accessories included in the Hornby Railway System. Every Meccano and Hornby dealer has this wonderful book, price 3d., or you can obtain it by sending 4½d. in stamps direct to Meccano Limited.

HORNBY TRAINS

JACKS

No name is more often on our lips than Jack.

He pops up here and there like a Jack-in-the-box, for we talk of a Jack of all trades who is master of none; and if we promise to do a thing quickly we declare it shall be done before you can say Jack Robinson.

Among our everyday phrases we have, Every man Jack of them, and Jack's as good as his master. We sometimes say that a good Jack makes a good Jill, meaning that a good husband makes a good wife; and among the immortals of the nursery are Jack and the Beanstalk, Jack and Jill who went up the hill, Jack the Giant-killer, and Jack Sprat who could eat no fat.

A Friend of the C N

When there is a nip in the air and the windows are etched with curious designs we know that Jack Frost is at work. Fluttering in the breeze is our Union Jack. In the joiner's shop are the Jack plane and the Jack saw. Fishermen and cavalry soldiers wear Jack boots. The motor mechanic jacks up a car. Jack-in-the-hedge is one of our wild flowers; Jack-curler is another name for the whimbrel; Jack rabbit is a large prairie-hare of North America.

We find Jacks even beyond our borders, for in Switzerland there were once folk who believed in Jack of the Bowl, a spirit for whom people used to leave a bowl of cream every night.

Among our own little Jacks we may mention that odd fellow often spoken of as a jackanapes, a word sometimes said to have come into use in the 15th century when William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, had a chained ape for his badge. Everyone knows that Jacko is the name of a monkey, for we read of his antics every week in the C N; and we know that a jackass is a simpleton, and that anyone who is a Jack of both sides is someone who wishes to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

The House That He Built

There are still more Jacks. There is the cheap Jack who parades his wares at every fair. There is Jack-a-Dandy, Jack-a-Lent, and Jack-a-Brag; and there is that well-loved fellow who stands like a shadow behind the old rhyme, This is the house that Jack built. Where he built it may never be known, but Yorkshire has a parsonage with the first line carved over the door, a memorial to the curious fact that the house was originally built for a Jack, designed by a Jack, and raised by bricklayers, carpenters, and plumbers who were all Jacks.

Well-known Jacks include Jack Straw, leader of the Peasants' Revolt in 1381, and Jack Cade, who raised a rebellion in 1450. There was Jack Ketch, a notorious executioner of the 17th century; and little Jack Horner, who, curiously enough, was not simply a nursery myth but a real person. He is said to have lived in Henry the Eighth's day, and to have secured the deeds of the Manor of Mells. Tradition says the deeds were hidden away in a pasty, and that Jack Horner opened the pasty and took them out, hence the rhyme:

*He put in his thumb
And drew out a plum,
And said, What a good boy am I!*

Students of folk-lore believe that in the early morning of the world Jack was meant to stand for all mankind, and that his adventures were really the human quest for power.

THE MAGIC OF KIPLING

£250,000 Memorial

MR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S TRIBUTE

A fund of £250,000 is being raised (and £50,000 has been raised) for a memorial to Mr Kipling. It is hoped to establish a number of scholarships at the Imperial Service College for boys from overseas.

At a dinner to inaugurate the fund Mr Winston Churchill spoke impressively of the genius of Mr Kipling, and we take the following from his address.

There seemed to be no gallery of human activity which he could not enter easily and unchallenged and which, having entered, he could not illuminate with a light unexpected, piercing, enchanting, and all his own.

All sorts and conditions of men, all classes and professions, every part of the Empire, the souls of children, the lives of animals, became in turn visible, intelligible, fascinating to that ever-increasing company by whom he was attended in his journey through life. He created a whole series of new values for his fellow-countrymen and made them participate in an unbroken succession of novel experiences and adventures.

There have been in our own time greater poets and sages, more vehement and sentient interpreters of pathos and passion, more fertile imaginations, and certainly more orthodox stylists than Rudyard Kipling. But in the glittering rank which he took by right Divine there never has been anyone like him. No one has ever written like Kipling before, and his work, with all its characteristics and idiosyncrasies, while it charmed and inspired so many, has been successfully imitated by none. He was unique.

Treasures to be Guarded

The light of genius expressed in literature does not fail with the death of the author. His galleries are still displayed for our instruction and enjoyment. But the magic key which could have opened new ones to our eager desire has gone for ever. Let us, then, guard the treasures which he has bequeathed.

Kipling's message to the British Empire was delivered to an awakened Empire while the long splendours of gathering strength in the Victorian Age prepared us for the shock of Armageddon. Everything he wrote in his greatest days led up to this ordeal for which he felt we must morally and psychically prepare ourselves.

Then at last suddenly it clattered down upon us in rending and resounding detonation, and he posed the supreme question which had governed his life:

*Who stands if Freedom fall,
Who dies if England live?*

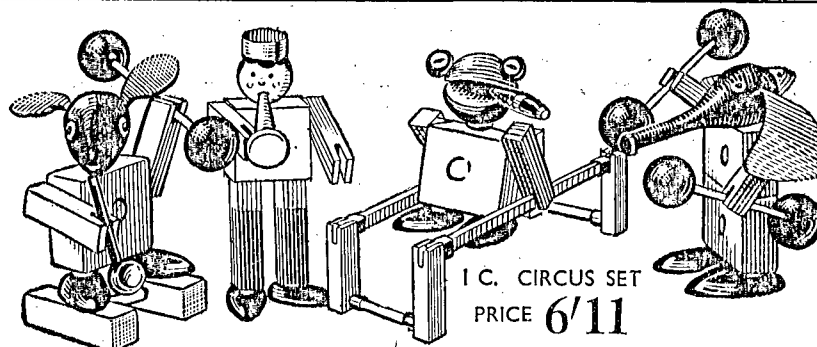
His only son, in the Irish Guards, fell upon the field. He endured that inch-by-inch devouring, wasting of hope which makes the word "missing" much more tragical than "killed in action." Yet we hope his own lines, which gave comfort to so many, were some solace to him.

Competition Result

In C N Competition Number 39 the two best entries were sent in by Gilbert Band, 13 Crewe Road, Alsager, Cheshire; and Joseph Craig, 148 Balgraybank Street, Balornock, Glasgow. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each.

The twenty prizes of fountain pens have been awarded to the following:

Marjorie Ainsworth, Preston; Tom Cochrane, Kilbirnie, Ayrshire; Geoffrey J. Comber, Erith; Edward Cresswell, Gateshead; Muriel Edwards, Chalfont St Giles; Margaret Hamlin, East Molesey; Doreen Haworth, Lumb-in-Ross, Lancs; Margaret Hayes, Birmingham; H. Hirst, Warrington; Gwenda Jones, Newtown, Mon; Isabel Jones, Stafford; Audrey Ledger, Hull; Erith Needham, Manchester; Jean Palmer, Helmsdale; John P. Phillips, Loughor; Rhianon F. Roberts, Bala, N. Wales; Mary Sutton, Frome; Patricia Thornton, Leeds; Mary C. Wilson, Ayr; Dorothy Yorston, Macduff, Banffshire.



I C. CIRCUS SET
PRICE 6/11

LITTLE CHILDREN SIMPLY LOVE

FIT-BITS

The Latest Constructional Toy!

Children love to construct gaily coloured figures out of these fine sets. It keeps them happily amused and helps to develop their natural creative inclinations. These figures can be taken to pieces and fitted together again, producing a wide variety of queer yet jolly figures.

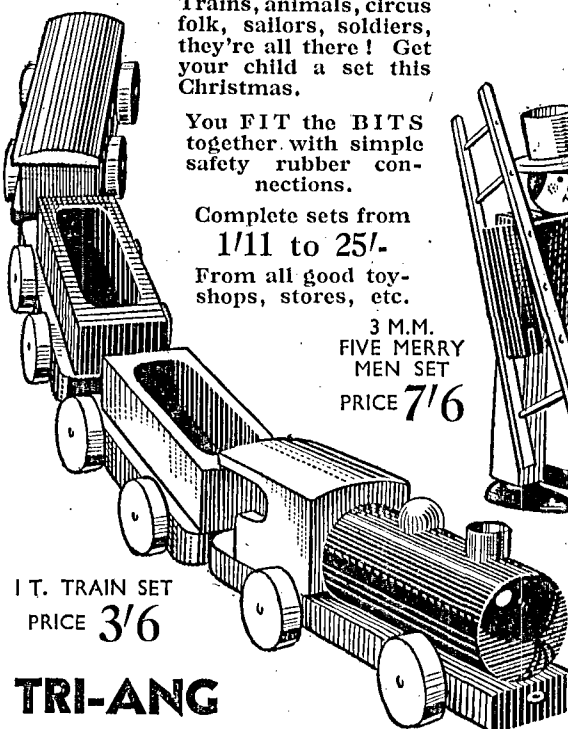
Trains, animals, circus folk, sailors, soldiers, they're all there! Get your child a set this Christmas.

You FIT the BITS together with simple safety rubber connections.

Complete sets from 1/11 to 25/-

From all good toy-shops, stores, etc.

3 M.M.
FIVE MERRY
MEN SET
PRICE 7/6



I T. TRAIN SET
PRICE 3/6

TRI-ANG FIT-BITS



Made by LINES BROS., LTD., Tri-ang Works, Morden Rd., Merton, S.W.19. (Patents pending in most countries.)

Do you sympathise with little crippled children?

A hundred so afflicted are in this Hospital. Will you please send as much as you can for your little suffering brothers and sisters? Address The Secretary,

**Alexandra Hospital for
Children with Hip Disease**

Office: 107 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

*Quickest
Hot Breakfast*
**SHREDDED
WHEAT**
AND HOT MILK

Complete in Two Parts

THE IRON DOOR

By
Harold Avery

CHAPTER 3

Juan Torosco

JACK entered the tent. The lamp had been extinguished when Martin Sturge got into bed, and in the hurry of the night alarm it had not been relit. The lad found a box of matches and struck a light. His uncle's rifle and shot gun were no longer in the roughly-made rack fastened to the tent pole, and a leather bag of ammunition which usually hung beside them was also missing. Sturge would never have burdened himself with both gun and rifle, together with his entire stock of cartridges. There could be little doubt that the weapons had been stolen.

"It must have been done while we were trying to find the Indians. Uncle Martin may have gone off in chase of the thief, but he'd know better than to do that unarmed; he'd have come back for my revolver."

Jack stepped out of the tent and stood uncertain what to do. The moon had risen above the hill and the broad stretch of river beach was flooded with its silvery light. All was quiet yet danger of some kind seemed to be lurking in every patch of shadow cast by shrubs and boulders.

All at once the thought struck him that it was unsafe to remain standing where he could be clearly seen in the moonlight, and with this idea in his mind he ran across the sand heading for the shelter of the forest. He forced his way through a fringe of bushes, stumbled on for a few paces in the gloom, then he stopped dead.

"Hullo—what's this?"

Before him was a space of ground so sparsely timbered that the moonlight filtered down through the branches overhead, and by this light a man could be seen seated at the foot of a tree with his back resting against the trunk. Jack stared at him for a moment, then sprang forward with a cry of astonishment. "Uncle!"

Martin Sturge it was, but with his arms tied to his body, while another length of rope bound him to the tree. It was the work of a few seconds only to remove the cloth with which he had been gagged.

"Are you hurt?" gasped Jack.

"Keep quiet!" interrupted Sturge sharply, but in a low voice. "Have you seen anyone?"

In a few hurried sentences Jack described his vain attempt to succour the dead Indian, and the ghastly figure which for a moment he fancied he had seen standing by the fire.

"It was lucky you were inside the tent, or the rascals would have seen you," said Sturge in a hoarse whisper. "They may think you went off in search of the Indians. They were looking for you and you may be thankful you gave them the slip."

"Who do you mean by they?"

"A scoundrel named Juan Torosco and a man I've never seen before. They must have got wind of this expedition of ours, and followed us all the way from Callao to rob us of any treasure we might find."

"But why should they dress themselves up in that hideous fashion?"

"To scare the Indians and make them desert us; then they'd have only you and me to deal with. No doubt they bribed some native to tell one of our men that yarn about the demons; then tonight they suddenly appeared looking like fiends. Our fellows bolted, all except poor José. He must have stood his ground and shown fight, so they cut him down."

"And you, Uncle?"

"They kept watch on our movements after the first alarm; they saw me making for the tent, and before I knew I was being followed one of them knocked me silly."

Jack knelt down and laid his revolver on the ground that he might have both hands free for untying the ropes. He had just found the first knot when there was a sound behind him like the snapping of a dry twig, and before he had time to turn he received a blow which nearly knocked him senseless. For a moment he lay half stunned, then as he attempted to raise himself he found standing over him two figures like the ghastly apparition he had seen in the light of the fire.

"Stay where you are!" was the curt command given in Spanish.

It was easy to guess that the speaker was Juan Torosco. He had snatched up the revolver, while his companion, a man well over six feet high, was carrying the stolen rifle and shot-gun. It would have been worse than useless to resist, and Jack was forced to submit to having his hands tied securely behind his back.

"Now we have them both," said Torosco.

The two men cast aside the masks they had been wearing, and searched their prisoners for hidden weapons. A moment later Torosco stepped from the shadow into the moonlight to examine the contents of the envelope which he had found in Martin Sturge's pocket.

"Ah, I know what this is," he muttered. "Manuel, go to the tent and bring the lantern. Take your rifle, though it's not likely you'll meet those Indians."

"One of them is dead, and you killed him," cried Sturge passionately. "You black-hearted murderer, it was your doing; but you shall pay for it!"

"Who do you think is going to inform against me?" snarled Torosco. "Do you suppose I shall ever give you the chance to do that? No, my friend; and what's more, I have an account to settle with you for trying to get me into trouble a year ago. But we can wait a little. There are some questions I may want you to answer."

Jack Barnett was no coward, but his heart sank within him. Not another word was spoken till Manuel returned with the horn lantern. Bidding him keep his eye on the prisoners, Torosco took the light, and with its aid read the instructions. He paused when he reached the end, then turned to Martin Sturge.

"I suppose you've seen what it says about poison in the cave," he said. "Is it true?"

"I haven't been inside, so how am I to know!" was the reply. "I've heard it said that poison was used to protect hidden treasure in the time of the old Incas."

For a few moments Torosco stood thinking, then he said something in a low voice to his companion. Martin Sturge was freed of the rope which held him to the tree and, with his arms still bound, was ordered to march alongside his nephew, while their captors followed close behind them, ready to shoot if any attempt were made to escape.

"They are taking us to the cave," whispered Sturge. "Why they should do that I don't know."

CHAPTER 4

Inside the Cave

IN silence the party tramped on till they reached the cutting in the hillside; as they passed along it Torosco drew attention to the rock which had so nearly crushed the two treasure seekers in its fall.

"We thought that would have saved us some trouble," he said, with a mirthless laugh. "But it missed the mark."

Manuel stepped forward and with the light of the lantern he was carrying examined the iron door. He tested it with the weight of his shoulder and beat upon it with his ponderous fist; turning, he made an attempt to lift the fallen rock. Finding it too heavy, he left the cutting and presently returned with another boulder. With the strength of a giant he hurled it against the door.

There was a crash which shook the ground, but the obstacle still remained in place. Manuel leant forward with his head on one side, then in a harsh whisper he spoke to Sturge. "Who is in that cave?"

"No one. How can there be when the door hasn't been opened?"

"I heard a movement—a sound as if something heavy had been thrown down on the ground."

"I heard nothing," cried Torosco impatiently. "Waste no more time. See, there is a crack as if one of the hinges had broken. Try again."

Once more the heavy boulder was used as a battering ram, and this time the door came down bodily, leaving the entrance to the cave open like the mouth of some dark tunnel.

Manuel snatched up the rifle he had laid aside, as if still persuaded that some enemy was lurking in the blackness and might spring out upon him. For some moments he watched and waited, then the silence was broken by Torosco.

"Señor Sturge," he began in a tone of mock politeness, "as it was you who discovered this tapada, yours shall be the honour of being the first to enter it. Kindly lead the way."

In a moment Martin Sturge knew why he had not been put to death down in the forest. He had very little fear of poisonous fumes, moreover he knew that if he refused to obey the order he would be shot.

Continued on page 18

MECCANO

BOYS! THIS IS THE GRANDEST NEWS YOU'VE EVER HEARD!

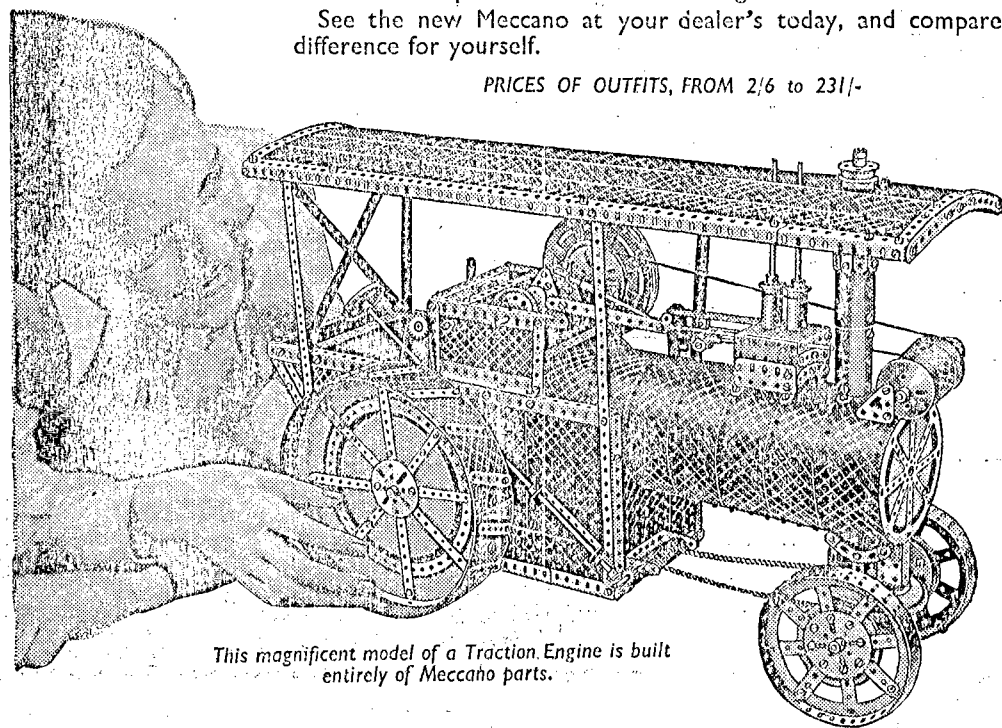
Bigger Outfits and new models! That's fine, but it gives no idea of the bigger thrills and greater fun in this year's Meccano.

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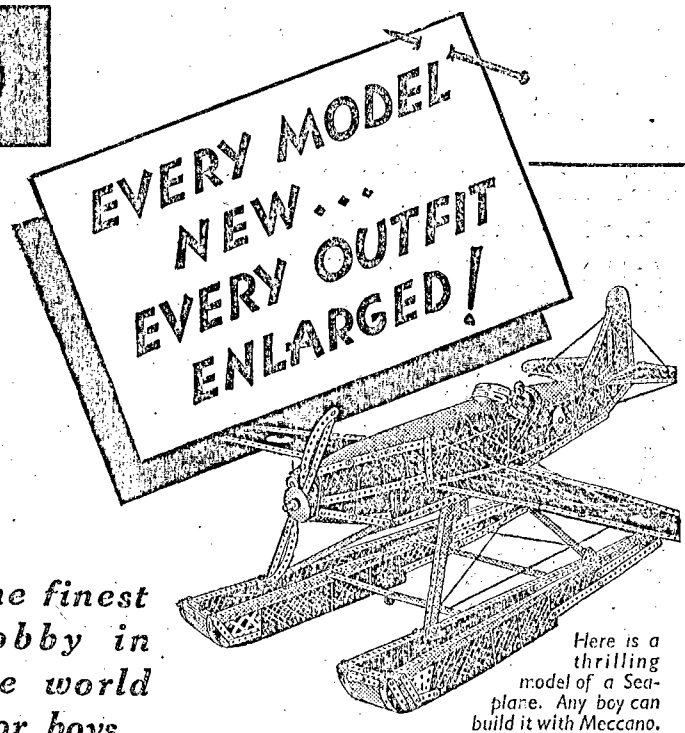
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MECCANO LTD. DEPT. 27 BINNS ROAD LIVERPOOL 13

THE SAFE, SENSIBLE WAY to treat colds

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TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Why suffer the discomfort of a cold for a minute longer than necessary? Vapex clears the head—relieves stuffiness and eases the breathing. By inhaling Vapex from your handkerchief, you reach every congested part of the nose and throat, destroying the germs and thus removing the infection.

Deep inhaling with Vapex is the logical way to attack a cold—a method that is safe and sure, and which does not contain harmful drugs.

Cold germs are everywhere



You can catch a cold wherever people gather. In train and bus, in theatre or cinema, millions of germs are breathed into—and from—the air. Then, if you are run down, worried or undernourished, you will catch colds.

Use Vapex as a preventative—a drop on your handkerchief for day long protection.

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"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds, but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."
—B. S., Burnham-on-Sea.

V173

VAPEX KILLS GERMS

You can feel Vapex doing you good—feel your discomfort slipping away from you. For 21 years Vapex has been clearing colds. All over the world many thousands of people use Vapex at the first sign of a cold. Many thousands more use it regularly to prevent colds.



VAPEX
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INHALANT
**DOES NOT
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ANY
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DRUGS**

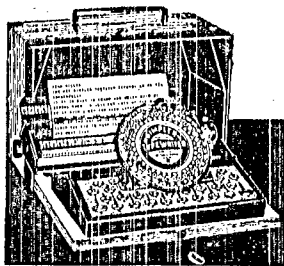
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Of all Chemists 2/- & 3/-.

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will be given at Christmas to poor East End Children. Remember the Little Ones. 2/- pays for one "Treat"—£5 for 50.

How many may we entertain as your guests?
R.S.V.P. to The Rev. Percy Ineson, Supt.,

EAST END MISSION,

Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

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Amongst the 30 different stamps in this wonderful packet is the only one yet printed which depicts our beautiful Princess, who may one day be Queen Elizabeth II. There are many British Colonials and sets, also stamps from the Hungarian Republic, Map stamps, Czechoslovakia, Canada (King Edward), Australia, Switzerland, Italy (Mussolini) and King Victor Emmanuel. Finally, there are two of the new Coronation stamps from Nyassaland and Turks Island, both depicting our King and Queen. Limited number only, which cannot be repeated. Send immediately 2d. for postage requesting our famous approvals.—**LESLIE & TOWNSEND LTD. (G.N.), LIVERPOOL 3.**

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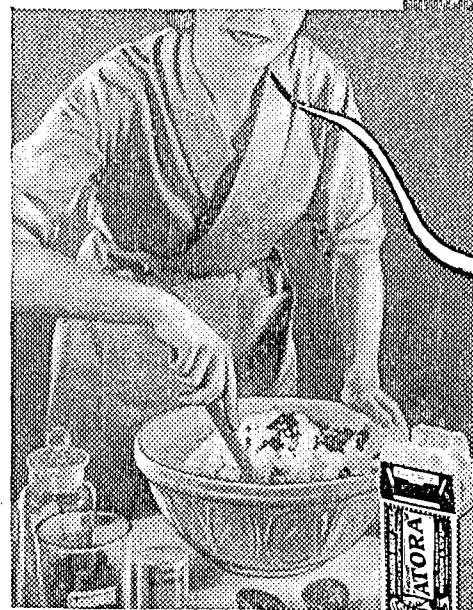
A. STOCKTON & CO., "GLENDALE," HATFIELD, HERTS.

Why it is better to make your CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS now



THE MELLOW SMOOTHNESS
OF A GOOD CHRISTMAS
PUDDING ISN'T PRODUCED
IN FIVE MINUTES.

ALL THESE RICH SPICY
FLAVOURS NEED
TO BLEND AND MATURE,
AND THAT TAKES TIME.



SO I USE 'ATORA' AND
MAKE MY XMAS
PUDDINGS EARLY.
BECAUSE I KNOW
THEY WILL MATURE
TO PERFECTION

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Self-raising Flour, or
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Flour and 2 teaspoons Baking Powder.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Shredded 'Atora.' $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Currants. 2 lb. Raisins. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Sultanas. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Candied Peel.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Sugar. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Bread-crumbs. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg. 1 egg-spoon Salt. Milk
—sufficient to make right consistency.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

MINCEMEAT

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb. chopped Raisins. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Citron Peel. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg, grated. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

These recipes are from the 'Atora' book of 100 tested recipes. Send postcard for a copy, post free—Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester, 11.

Hugon's
ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

N.51

FREE!

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Send the paper disc from a tin of LINGFORDS IODIZED LIVER SALTS and we will send you entirely free and postage paid a set of

"BOB'S Y'R UNCLE" CARDS
Value 1/- per pack.

LINGFORDS IODIZED LIVER SALTS can be obtained from chemists and grocers at 9d. per $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. TIN. 1/4d. per $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. TIN.

Send the disc from a tin of Lingfords Iodized Liver Salts, together with your name and full address, to—**JOSEPH LINGFORD & SON, LTD., THE MODEL FACTORY, BISHOP AUCKLAND, Co. Durham.**

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This case contains three trial bottles of **Mason's Wine Essences**, Ginger, Orange and Black Currant. Each bottle contains enough essence to make a full size bottle of delicious wine. The case will be sent post free to all who send name and address and 9d. to:—

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Cut out this coupon and post to-day.

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I enclose 9d. in stamps and would like to sample your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences. (Non-alcoholic)

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A "FOUNTAIN PEN" for 2d!

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkduct Reservoir" attachment (Prov. Pat.) gives fountain-pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel nib. "Inkduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with three patterns of nib.

High-class stationers stock, or box containing 3 pens can be obtained direct from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., post free on receipt of 75d. in stamps.

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Is your pastry a success!

If you want to make light, delicious pastry, use plain flour and add **Borwick's Baking Powder**. This enables you to get the correct amount of "raising". Remember, Professional cooks always make pastry this way.

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The Best in the World

DINGY TEETH NOW WHITENED EASILY! MAGNESIA DOES IT.

A real discovery has been made about the teeth. Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight, should try what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

From the time you begin to use this simple chemistry on your teeth, they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. You can see it plainly. Your friends will notice it. Phillips' Dental Magnesia is what you use, and the dulllest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

This is no trouble, takes no extra time. Simply get the dentifrice which the dental profession now recommends for care of the teeth—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' which dissolves all stains. Ordinary dentifrices with magnesia in them may not do any harm, but they do not give the whitening action of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

But dentists are urging the use of this dentifrice for other reasons! Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids that has yet come to light. Tartar makes little headway in the mouth that is kept alkaline by regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline fortified. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached." The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

Continued from page 16

Followed by Jack he stepped into the cave; the air was fresher than he expected, and he had no difficulty in breathing. He halted after he had gone a few paces and called back over his shoulder: "There's no danger of being poisoned so far as I can tell. Bring the light."

Manuel and Torosco came through the doorway, the latter carrying the lantern. That the floor, walls, and roof of the hiding-place were of stone, like those of some medieval dungeon, Jack saw at a glance, but of treasure there was no sign. Save for a granite slab which had fallen from the roof, and what looked like a pile of decayed wood, the floor was bare.

"Gone!" muttered Sturge. "Someone must have found it, and for all we know this place may have been empty for years."

"A thousand fiends!" shouted Torosco, beside himself with rage. "Have we come here for nothing?"

Martin Sturge started as some pieces of crumbling mortar came pattering down on his head and shoulders.

"Stop that shouting!" he hissed. "Look at those cracks in the walls. The whole place may fall in any moment. This slab of the granite must have been shaken down from the roof when the rock was flung against the iron door. Yes," the speaker added, turning to Manuel, "that is what made the sound you heard. We'd better get out of here."

"Bah!" retorted Torosco, whose only thought was of the lost treasure. "The gold—where is it? There may be some still left. What is that over yonder?"

"The remains of an old chest, and looks as if it had been smashed with a sledgehammer," said Jack. "The Jesuit Fathers would never have done that to one of their own treasure chests, so you may take it as another proof that the stuff has been stolen."

Still Torosco did not seem satisfied; he turned and stared at the wall behind him as if hoping to find a cavity in which some store of jewels might be hidden.

The forefinger of his right hand was crooked round the trigger of the revolver, but for the moment the entrance to the cave was unguarded, and Jack was seized with a wild impulse to make a bid for life. He knew that these two villains never meant him to see daylight again.

"Now's our chance," he whispered in his uncle's ear. "We may do it if we make a dash."

"No, we should both be shot in the back before we got out of that narrow cutting," was the reply, "and with our arms tied how can we . . . ?"

"Aha!" The cry came from Manuel, who had been pushing aside fragments of the broken chest with the butt of his rifle. He stooped, and from where it had been lying hidden in the wreckage picked up something which sparkled in the lamplight.

"What is it?" cried Torosco excitedly. "Give it to me."

"I found it, so it's mine," roared Manuel, at the same time thrusting the jewelled cross into his pocket.

"Be quiet, can't you?" came in a hoarse whisper from Sturge. "Don't you know that a shout may be enough to start an avalanche?"

Torosco paid no heed to the warning. Brandishing his revolver and mad with rage at the very idea of losing his share of the booty, he made a rush in the direction of the chest. For a moment the two prisoners were forgotten, and, with the one thought that it was "now or never," Jack got behind his uncle and pushed him out of the cave.

Bang! The report was followed by a crash as if the whole hillside was being rent by another earthquake. Shocked by the appalling sound the two fugitives stood for several seconds holding their breath.

"Dead and buried!" gasped Martin Sturge. "I warned them not to shout—he must have stumbled over that slab of granite, and off went his revolver. In that confined space the concussion would be more than enough to bring the roof down, and with its fall the whole place collapsed."

"Can anything be done?" "Not for those rascals. We must get rid of these ropes, and that we can do by rubbing them against a piece of sharp rock. Jack, you saved my life and your own too; but this is the end of our treasure hunt."

Jack Barnett shrugged his shoulders. "I'm satisfied," he murmured.

He could feel once more that life lay before him, and that was worth more than countless bricks of gold or silver.

THE END

JACKO ON THE WINNING SIDE

MOTHER JACKO had been pestered by Jacko for days.

He was in a tug-o-war team at the local fête, and was continually asking if she thought his side would win, or if he should go in training by feeding up!

"Gracious me!" cried Mother Jacko. "As if you don't eat enough already!"

It happened that Chimp was in the rival team, so, for the time being, he and Jacko were sworn enemies.

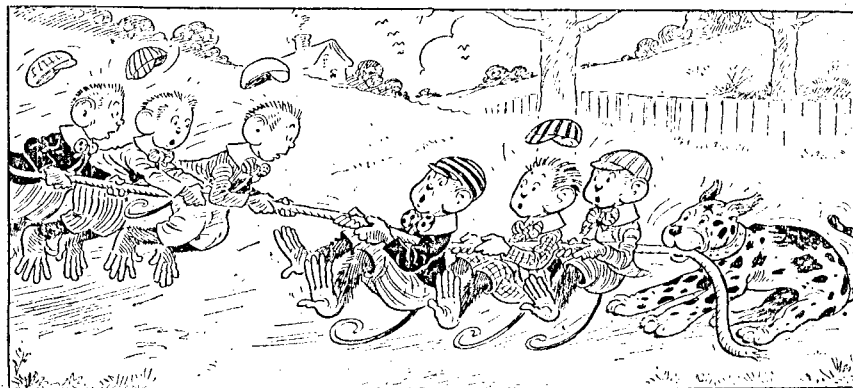
his friends to join in, but soon they were all gathered round and in splendid fighting fettle.

Jacko glanced quickly about him before he went in search of the rope. It would never do for anyone to catch him.

The rope found, the signal was given for them to PULL!

Chimp's first heave nearly swept Jacko's legs from under him.

He gritted his teeth and gave a tre-



The dog gripped the rope firmly in his teeth

On the day of the fête Jacko arrived on the sports ground with lots of time to spare, and, espying Chimp, hailed him gaily.

"My team's better than yours," was his opening taunt.

Chimp's brow darkened.

"We'll soon see about that!" he replied grimly. "How about a rehearsal?"

Jacko hesitated. He'd eaten rather a heavy breakfast and felt it was hardly the moment to do justice to himself. Then he braced himself up. He'd show Chimp! He had a slight difficulty in persuading

mendous tug. For a few seconds there was little to choose between the two teams.

Then came an interruption.

They heard a loud bark and, looking up, saw a dog bounding towards them. He evidently thought it was a new game for his special benefit, for he made a dash for the end of the rope—Jacko's end!—gripped it firmly in his teeth, and tugged!

There was a yell. Down went Jacko and his team, like a row of ninepins! And the next moment the other team had fallen flat on top of them!



The CN Christmas Appeal Supplement



CHRISTMAS—The Children's Festival

will be celebrated fittingly "DOWN EAST" IN DOCKLAND.

The Big Church, Barking Road, will be filled with about 1,500 children for their great Christmas Party.

For six days there will be other "Parties" at the Children's Church and other Centres, at each of which about 400 will be present.

It is a big undertaking. Will you share in it? We need many toys and Christmas Fare, or money to buy them.

All gifts will be most gratefully acknowledged by—

The Rev. R. Rowntree Clifford
West Ham Central Mission
409, Barking Road, London, E.13.

WHO ARE THE "ANIMAL DEFENDERS"?

They are the members of the YOUTH GROUP of the Animal Defence Society, who pledge themselves to help and defend any animal in need. Everyone who reads this Christmas message can become an Animal Defender. Everyone will, some time, come across animals who are hungry, cold, neglected, homeless, overloaded, tired or ill-treated. Or, you may find birds imprisoned in small cages or hurt by thoughtless people. These are waiting for their defender. They are looking to YOU to help them. Christmas is a time of kindness and goodwill, when you specially remember the unhappy and forsaken children of God, be they human or animal.

Join the Animal Defenders and wear their badge in blue and gold, which costs 1/-.

YOUTH GROUP

Office: ANIMAL DEFENCE HOUSE, 15, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Youth Group Club Room: 24, St. Edmund's Terrace, North Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.8.

Nothing in their Stocking...



UNLESS kindhearted people help us to give them something thousands of poor children may have nothing to remember this Xmas by. Ill-clad, under-fed and crippled—we are sure you would like to send some ray of hope and happiness into their grey lives. A toy, food, clothing, a gift of money—anything, however small, will be welcomed and gratefully acknowledged.

SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY & R.S.U.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING, THE QUEEN, AND QUEEN MARY.

Treasurer: SIR CHARLES J. O. SANDERS, K.B.E.

FOR 93 YEARS A PIONEER IN CHILD WELFARE
190 Associated Missions. 7,300 Crippled registered and befriended.
16 Children's Homes and Camps :: 6,000 Voluntary Helpers.

PLEASE SEND A GENEROUS GIFT to—
Mr. ARTHUR BLACK, General Secretary,
John Kirk House, 32, John Street, London, W.C.1.

THE HOMELESS CHILD

Will YOU befriend one of our little ones? 3,400 have been provided with protection and given a chance in life by this Children's Home. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Please send a gift to Hon. Treasurer, Gordon Harmer, Esq., 93, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

HOMELESS CHILDREN'S
AID AND ADOPTION SOCIETY
& F. B. MEYER CHILDREN'S HOME



Under the Spreading Christmas Tree

LET us ask you again to gather round our Christmas Tree, not to receive gifts from it, but to light a candle on its branches. This Christmas Tree is not for those who have trees of their own, on which to hang the toys and glittering ornaments and attach mysterious parcels, tied up with pretty ribbon, but for the poor children: and you would hardly believe how many they are who would not know what Christmas means except for you.

THERE are the children in slums and the children, happier than they, in hospitals; and the children who have no homes at all. Somehow when this thought of the Christmas tree begins to stir within us we think of the trees that are lighted up at dusk in the hospital wards; and indeed it is so pretty and moving a sight that we can almost forget that the little mites whose eyes twinkle like the candles, and whose hands clasp tightly the gift toys on their coverlets, are sufferers.

ONE happy hour has been their portion, and if you have had a share in it you will be repaid by one moment's happy thought. But it does not end there, and should not, for a hospital has no holidays, and in the 365 days of its year there are many far from sunny, but all on which the work goes on. We cannot all be like Sir James Barrie, who endowed the Great Ormond Street Hospital with the proceeds of Peter Pan so long as it endures, but we can help it to carry on, and add by a gift a brick or two for its new building.

So also with the Infants Hospital at Westminster and the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease. Do you sympathise with little crippled children? The answer is more certain than that to Peter Pan's question: Do you believe in fairies? So be a good fairy this Christmas-time and send something to help the miracles by which the doctors and nurses make crippled limbs straight and little children well.

BUT this is not the only cry of the children. Do not forget the thousands of poor children whom the Shaftesbury Society and the Homeless Children's Aid Society can never allow themselves to forget. They are the children who have nothing put in their stockings; and many have no stockings at all, or stockings so worn that Santa Claus would be puzzled to know what to do about them.

YOU need not be puzzled. Send your gift to the kind people who labour to help such children, and they will know well what to do with it. It will do more than buy a toy, or a slice of plum pudding for Christmas Day; it will light a candle which will make the grey days coming a little brighter for these waifs and strays just starting out in life.

So also with the children down East whom the West Ham Mission takes under its wing; or the Field Lane Institution. These all have their Christmas trees waiting for candles. And there is one other institution we must name which does much to prevent unhappiness. If it were not for the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children it would be such an unhappy world that no one with a tender heart could ever enjoy Christmas at all. Help it with your gifts and your prayers; and at the same time add a word for the animal defenders, the Youth Group of the Animal Defence Society, who help the hungry, the defenceless, and the ill-treated among dumb creatures.

ARTHUR MEE

HELP

this Oldest Children's Hospital in the British Empire, which has treated over 2,000,000 Children under 12 years old, and which now faces the end of the year with the prospect of a heavy deficit.



Please send a Christmas Donation to the Appeals Secretary—

THE HOSPITAL FOR
SICK CHILDREN
GT. ORMOND ST., W.C.1.

SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES IN THE INFANTS HOSPITAL!

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.

THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

THIS MAY BE OF HELP TO YOU

For the convenience of readers we shall be pleased to forward contributions to any of these Societies. Amounts for one or more of the Charitable Institutions mentioned on this page may be sent in one cheque. Please indicate how you would like your gifts allocated.

THE EDITOR

To the Editor, The Children's Newspaper, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, E.C.4.

I enclose £ : : which please divide as follows:—

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Name..... (Please state whether Rev, Mr, Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to Arthur Mee and crossed

Children in Happy Homes!

WILL YOU and your parents please remember the very poor boys and girls of Clerkenwell and send us a gift toward giving Treats to crowds of slum and back-street children, and toward serving 800 to 1,000 Hot Roast Beef and Plum Pudding Dinners on Christmas Day to absolutely destitute men and women?

Kindly reply to William Wilkes, Secretary,

Field Lane Institution (FOUNDED 1841)
Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 4, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Jumbled London Streets

If the letters of the following phrases are placed in a different order they will spell the names of six very famous streets of London.

BIRDS EGG THINK WHY CLAD
HARM A TYKE PEACH DIES
RED ROOF TEXTS
WILL HEATH Answer next week

At the Farm

JONES, he keeps a blacksmith's shop,
His wife a poultry pen;
Jones, he shoes the horses,
And his wife, she shoes the hen.

A Proverb Rewritten

Too many cooks spoil the broth
In the preparation of culinary delicacies, too numerous a number of persons offering various suggestions will often mar the savoury mixture.

What Happened on Your Birthday
Dec. 5. Wolfgang Mozart died 1791
6. Warren Hastings born 1732
7. Ferdinand de Lesseps died 1894
8. John Pym died 1643
9. John Milton born 1608
10. Royal Academy founded 1768
11. Charles XII of Sweden killed 1718

Bargaining

"What is the price of this silk?" a deaf old lady is reported to have asked.
"Seven shillings," replied the shopman.
"Seventeen shillings?" exclaimed the old lady. "Nonsense! I'll give you thirteen."
"I said only seven shillings, ma'am," the shopman repeated.
"Oh!" snapped the old lady. "Seven shillings, eh? Very well, I'll give you five."

Ici on Parle Français



La tablette Une assiette Le mur
shelf plate wall

Maman a arrangé ses jolies assiettes le long d'une tablette fixée au mur.

Mother arranged her pretty plates along a shelf on the wall.

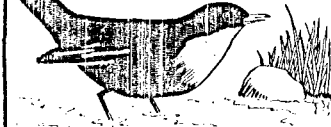
Mother Nature's Protection

The dumb creatures are endowed with many forms of protection by Mother Nature, and even an egg is formed according to the amount of danger to which it may be subject.

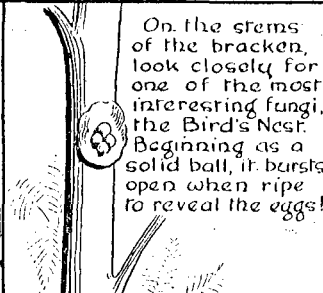
Birds which nest on the ground lay an egg which is round at one end and pointed

In the Countryside Now

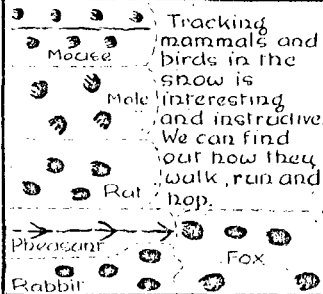
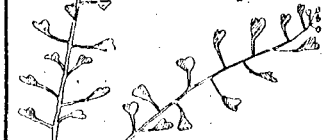
By the rushing stream the sweet wild song of the Dipper is heard. It is one of the few birds now singing. Though not possessing webbed feet, the Dipper can dive and even walk on the bed of a stream.



On the stems of the bracken, look closely for one of the most interesting fungi, the Bird's Nest. Beginning as a solid ball, it bursts open when ripe to reveal the eggs!



Few flowers bloom now, but Shepherd's Purse will be seen at any time of year. In China it is boiled and eaten as a vegetable.



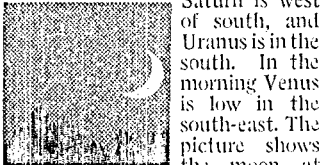
Can You Read This Verse?

En horn teach myrrh made nose,
Buy seize wear awl goat ales;
Hear chilled wrens port inn rose,
Seek your gain steal sand walls.
Sum son there yell oh hare,
Sums whim threw sigh leant baize;
Saw form sand fay says fare
Shy never knight sand daze.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

In the evening Mars and Jupiter are in the south-west.



Saturn is west of south, and Uranus is in the south. In the morning Venus is low in the south-east. The picture shows the moon at six o'clock on Monday evening, December 6.

Flower Anagrams

Form a flower's name from each of the following phrases or words by rearranging the letters: One name; love it; get me no tin; tears; a wee pest; in a grade; thy china.

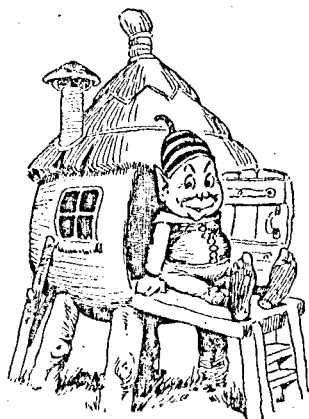
Answer next week

The Censor and the Stops

Anxiously Interrogation
Wondered, "Will the condemnation Of the Censor fall on me?"
Dash thought likewise; silently **Comma** stood a moment still, "Must I feel his cruel quill?"
Semicolon's dread was stronger, Tarried yet a moment longer;
Colon started up and cried, "Me, too, will he thrust aside?"
"Ah! alas!" cried **Exclamation**, "We are all in condemnation."
Master Censor came to see;
What they dreaded that did he:
"Let the **Period** only be."

A Social Note From Jungle Town
MR GIRAFFE thinks he is very hardly done by because he has a sore throat, but we are bound to say our sympathy is entirely with Mr Centipede, who, we understand, has chilblains on every foot.

All Complete



My little house fills me with glee,
I think it's a perfect peach!
For wherever you happen to be
Everything's well within reach!

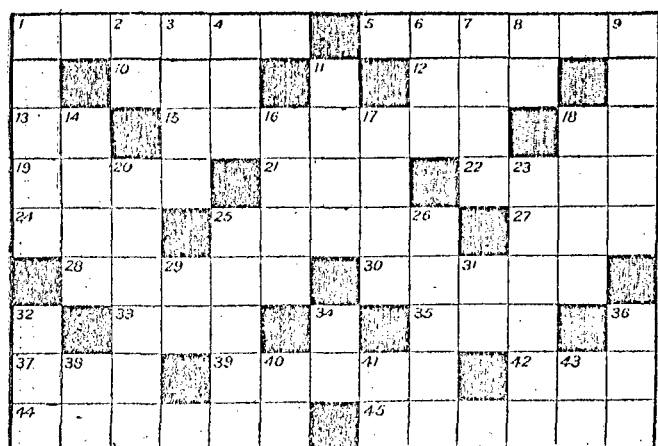
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Was It? Just-ice

The Pilgrims. The boy had heard the teacher say that the Pilgrims had set out from The Tabard Inn.

Name Me. Belfast

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. Innumerable. 5. A narrow pass. 10. An industrious insect. 12. Devour. 13. You and me. 15. Inside lining of a roof. 18. Child's name for Father. 19. To grieve. 21. Rested. 22. A large pitcher. 24. Forty-five inches. 25. To change. 27. Royal Astronomical Society. 28. A small anchor. 30. Worth. 33. Associate of the Royal Academy. 35. A kind of wooden tank. 37. A play on words agreeing in sound. 39. Frivolous. 42. An age. 44. To express agreement. 45. A floor of a building.

Reading Down. 1. A tiny rodent. 2. High honour for an artist. 3. Twelfth part of a foot. 4. Corroded. 6. Twice five. 7. Violent anger. 8. A preposition. 9. Pulls apart by force. 11. Having an even horizontal surface. 14. A fine soft thread. 16. This is surrounded by water. 17. A scrap of news. 18. A kind of turf. 20. Gathers after a reaper. 23. A scribe. 25. Once more. 26. To face an embankment with mason work. 29. Doctor. 31. Ancient Egyptian sun god. 32. A mineral spring. 34. A child's name for Mother. 36. Name for a West Indian islet. 38. Personal pronoun. 40. New Testament. 41. Nova Scotia. 43. The shortened form of With reference to.

Tales Before Bedtime

Billie's Barge Boy

The garden of Billie's house was an exciting place, for at the end of it was a canal, down which barges would glide.

When they came by Billie used to go down to watch. He thought it must be grand to be one of the barge children, especially when he saw one of them riding on the big horse which pulled the barge from the towpath.

One day he ran to the water's edge with a ball just as a barge came by. The ball slipped from his hand and fell in the water.

"Whoa!" cried the barge-man to his horse, and, taking his long pole, he pushed the ball close into the bank so that Billie could reach it.

"Oh, thank you!" called Billie.

"Best of luck!" shouted the man, as the barge moved on.

After that Billie always looked out specially for that barge, and when it came by he would wave both to the barge-man and to his little boy, who was about his own age. As they came by every few weeks Billie and the boy became friends, though they only met for a few minutes.

One windy day the barge boy tried to throw a little boat to Billie. He leaned too far over, and in a second he was in the water.

"Daddy! Daddy! Come quickly!" called Billie.

His father came running down the garden-path, and soon pulled the boy safely to the bank. The barge-man had stopped the horse, and pulled the barge close in to the bank.

"We'll take him straight in," said Billie's father.

When they were all indoors Billie's mother soon had the boy dry and warmly tucked up in blankets.

"Don't you think," she said to the barge-man, "it would be a good thing to leave him here until you come by again? We'll take care of him, and I know Billie would love a playmate."

Everything had happened so quickly, and the man was so glad and grateful, that he was unable to thank them properly as he went away, leaving the two boys chatting happily together.

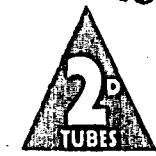
When the time came for his playmate to go away Billie was sad. The barge-man looked at Billie's father.

"I suppose," he said, "you wouldn't trust me to take him on the barge for this trip? I'd take care not to give either of them a chance of falling over again."

Of course Billie's father said Yes. And that was how Billie had the happiest holiday he had ever known.



You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles



3d. and 6d. packets or sold loose 6d. 1/4 lb.

Gar.7CN



Cinderella

No one knows why innocent, helpless Cinderella should have been ill-treated, yet had it not been for her one good friend the Fairy Godmother she would never have known what real happiness was. Many little boys and girls live to-day just like Cinderella did—so ill-treated and miserable, never full of fun and laughter as all little folks should be. How wonderful it would be if YOU were to help them to happiness, for they do need your help so badly. Will you send something now to Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, "The League of Pity," National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2?



NOTICE TO MUMMIES & DADDIES

"The League of Pity" is the Children's own Society for saving other little children from ill-treatment and neglect. An average of FOUR are being helped every FIVE minutes.